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THE ROSE OF LYNDEN CHASE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Around a land next the wood,
Unheard, dim and heavy, should
Be the sound of the busy world—
Under whose screen, pray and toil all.
All evil things that curse the night—
Question, and censure, and wicked spite—
Keep terror, till the Morning Star
Shall herald the sunrise far.

In the dark outdoor, no sound of care,
A whisper, seldom among the trees,
Or the wind-harp's low, haggard face,
Fevered o'er the towers of Lynden Chase,
Where, in the midnight, a lone light burns
With evil thoughts for sister and wood,
As down the stairs, one after one,
His sins—my portion! Lady Clair.

Like woven mist, her silken sway
About her lithe shape slipped down:
In bewitch'd sandals, velvet shod,
Her face, as the face of a fay,
With silver lips, and hope of pearl,
And blonde hair, bound in braid and curl;
And all my soul, like sudden fire,
Leapt up to meet her as she came!

She forced him—see there on the stone—
Mine! By all ties of tenderness—
By all the vows that I have spoken—
Alas, in fool-frenzy I gave decree,
Love laughs at bars—her grandsire prize
Less than the man who loved her eyes;
And pride was spurned, and duty wasted,
Corrupt the shame of infamy!

Hence on the secret midnight tryst,
The ghostly and hour's warning cross;
A dreary wind, with sighing cry,
Through grove and covert wandered by—
Through the dim forest, where the pearl
Gone in a long baptismal bevy!
As swift, by lawn and level gave,
Twinklelier, we flitted through the dark.

And changeful years have waxed and waned,
And many a mingled cup we've drained,
Alone, flushed with triumph, hot and fast
Till the last drop of the last cup
Drew a fair chill, with evening sail,
Flew down the west'ard straining gale,
And Clair of Clair, last of his race,
Mourned the lost Rose of Lynden Chase!

The Plot Against Hawley;

OR, THE

PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

BY LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MARTYR," "HIS KING," "THE BROKEN HOME," "JOSEPH SEARCH," "THE CHRISTIAN'S WARFARE," "THE BOOK OF LIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE PLOT ORIGINATED.

Near noon, on the 5th of September, 1859, a man laboring under great excitement was walking hurriedly up Broadway, New York. His features were flushed and convulsed, his glances wild and restless, his whole mien indicative of keen anguish.

Turning to the left into Bleecker street, he soon reached a plain three story and basement brick house, which he gave evidence of his acquaintance with.

"Are you there, Ruth?" he called from the hall.

A step was heard overhead, followed by the rustling of dress, and a young girl descended the front stairs. Despite several points of resemblance, there was a family likeness about the couple that proclaimed them brother and sister.

"Why, what's the matter, Luke?" cried the latter, starting at sight of the disturbed countenance that met her view. "Are you ill?"

"I've just received bad news," replied the brother, leading the way into the parlor—"bad news, and a most terrible shock."

"Shocked! You? What has happened?"

"Ruth, are you married?" he asked.

"Married!" echoed the girl, trembling. "Clara Armar married! Is it possible?"

"Yes, married! She got I've been laying siege to for years past—the only girl I ever cared a pin for. Imagine the shock this event gives me. I'm nearly crazy."

"Does poor Hawley feel so?"

"Lord bless! I must have worshipped her, or she'd have known what was in store for her ere spurned me."

"Oh, as to that, the loss of a thing always grows on an exaggeration of its value," said the sister philosophically, as she sank languidly on one of several chairs scattered about a fair in her showy morning robe. "You are simply disappointed, my say. But by to-morrow you will laugh at the whole matter."

"No! Ruth!" muttered the brother, pacing heavily into the nearest chair. "Clara Armar's more to me than any life! My love for her is a delirium! It's so much passing frenzy as you'd imagine, and is a mighty passion—rage—a flood of molten lava! And I've received a staggering upon marrying her. True, she has rejected me twice, but I thought me she was only coquetting to you?"

"No, of course not. She has never given me any encouragement. But I am none the less surprised. I supposed that everything was smooth enough between you, and for that she was still young to marry—an orphan, and living alone without friends—presumably without suitors; and I fattered myself that I should be the woman to whom she would be my bridesmaid."

"You reasoned wisely enough, of course, Luke; but you never studies those matters," declared the sister, with a sort of contemptuous compassion. "A white—a—housemending—a widow's cap—a moneyer's workman—all of these—theorize the things by which marriages are brought about. But who is Hawley's rival?"

"A full stranger, I am told, to both you and Ruth, I think. Can't you guess who he is?"

"I haven't the least idea," was the reply.

"Well, then, he's Will Hawley."

The sister sprang abruptly to her feet, clasping both hands to her heart. The changing colors of her brother, his agitation, his anguish, all ceased to her own features.

"Will Hawley!" she gasped. "Oh, you don't mean it, Luke?"

"But I do mean it. It's God's truth. Clara Armar and Will Hawley are husband and wife."

A heavy fall succeeded. The sister had fainted. She lay upon the floor as one dead.

The dismal fool she think that much of Hawley?" muttered the brother, astonished. "I didn't suspect it."

He hastened to bring a pitcher of water and bathe the white features, and then set himself to chafing the clenched hands.

Clara Lee, a beautiful twenty-seven years of age, was the originally light complexion, dark hair, and large, lustrous eyes of which were blended with exquisite symmetry and grace. Form was of the average size and height, and its fastening of the most ordinary type. He was singularly subtle and unscrupulous, but nevertheless of gentlemanly manners, being well educated and used to good society. His wife was a lady of refinement, but by means of his age and experience had formed a good position as commander of a fine American clipper, more in respect for his late father and to sympathizing favor than to his own merits.

Miss Ruth Pedler was two years younger than her brother, and consequently twenty-five years of age, although she owned to only twenty-three. She was a petite little fairy-like creature, with a face of rare beauty and sociality. The chief object of her existence seemed to be the continuation of a perpetual, long, sleeker, cork-screw curls. Her eyes were small and black, her mouth large, her teeth irregular and otherwise defective, her complexion muddy, her features coarse and inharmonious, and her hands and feet so large as to be positively ugly. Her manners were also objectionable. She was not particularly bright, but she was bold and self-possessed, and possessed a fierce energy which was capable of compensating to any given emergency for any lack of mental.

The father of the couple had been, during a long generation, a prosperous silversmith and merchant. But in his latter days the senior Pedler had become insolvent, and was left penniless. His health also broken so completely as to result in his death. His son, Luke Pedler, by his wild ways and general irregularities of his son. The old man's failure had been followed by the loss of his wife already—for such is fame—he was generally forgotten.

"How odd it is!" ejaculated Capt. Pedler, as he sat down beside his son's bed, "that Will Hawley and his wife should wish to visit me, and I never see them! And Ruth and Will, and Clara are married, and Ruth and I are left out in the cold. Oh, come there! Don't you?"

Under the vigorous treatment he had adopted, Miss Pedler soon revived, and as soon as she had gathered herself up in a heap on the floor—

"Are you sure they're married?" she demanded.

"Perfectly. I learned the fact half an hour since from Hawley's commander—Captain Gregg—who was present. Captain Gregg was at the wedding. It took place last Friday evening—the very evening after Hawley's return from his last voyage to Rio. It was a quiet affair, and I was not invited—probably for the reason you've just mentioned. But Hawley ever proposed to you?"

"No. But I expected him. And am none the less surprised. I supposed that everything was smooth enough between us, and for that she was still young to marry—an orphan, and living alone without friends—presumably without suitors; and I flattered myself that I should be the woman to whom she would be my bridesmaid."

"You reasoned wisely enough, of course, Luke; but you never studies those matters," declared the sister, with a sort of contemptuous compassion. "A white—a—housemending—a widow's cap—a moneyer's workman—all of these—theorize the things by which marriages are brought about. But who is Hawley's rival?"

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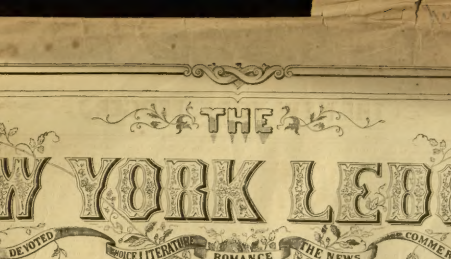

THE LANDING AT DESOLATION ISLAND.

"Nor can I see why Hawley should prefer Clara Armar to me," said Miss Pedler, in she glanced at her reflection in one of the long mirrors near her. "She's a hired attendant, or something of that kind—the creature."

"It's no idea that you thought so much of Hawley as to be jealous of the brother, as he strove to win his married employee.

Miss Pedler colored, her eyes filled with tears.

"I thought all the world of him—just as you did of Clara," she murmured.

A long silence fell between the couple.

"Hawley's a splendid fellow, and a fine clipper, more in respect for his late father and to sympathizing favor than to his own merits.

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the dock, and her passengers—a score in number—had gathered in every place of vantage and were gazing with great interest at the ship that was to be their home for so far as the eye could see upon those shores permanent or become visible.

The ship had come here for water, nearly all her water casks having been stove or started during a storm off the Cape of Good Hope, and every soul aboard of her having been glad that she came to anchor.

She was certainly a lovely spot, and all were heartily happy, with Will Hawley.

"I seem to get our water aboard before dark, Captain Fodder," said Will, quite decisively, "and so avoid losing a night here."

"I shall steer for the nearest shore," returned Fodder, in his blandest tones, as he glanced at the landscape to the northward, which was better known to Captain Cook's old navigator as a quarter of a mile from the head of the bay, where you'll find a fine dark sand in eight fathoms. Due north of this anchorage you will remark a small rocky point, upon each side of which descends a splendid stream of water. Get your casks ready, and bend on all the boats as soon as you are anchored, and I will go ashore with you, for both of the waterings are necessary to us."

"All right," said Fodder smiled. "All I've had to do this voyage is to look on and see everything all right, and I'm glad to see practically I was just now congratulating myself, for the shoemaker's son, upon having a job with me."

"Then, honest face of Will Hawley finished with the remark, "I'm glad you've come to an understanding with his features illuminated by his position. Captain Cook would not have wondered that Clara Ayrage had preferred him to all other suitors. He was every opposite of the commander, being as frank, generous and good as Fodder was secret, selfish and wicked. He was only twenty-four years of age, and consequently had been spared the necessity of becoming old and sordid in character.

"Well, I'm glad you're satisfied for self-congratulation," he heard Fodder say. "You have given me a great lift in the world. It's no small thing for a man of my age to find himself practically in charge of a first-class American ship."

"True; but you are worthy of the place, and will be a credit to the owners," said Will. Mustard, if he liked, could have run to their cabin, and I believe their pleasure. So, if you continue pleased with me, I shall feel my body is united, and nothing more remains to be said."

Except to thank the generous friend who has helped me on this voyage."

No more on that task. I always liked you, Hawley, and I am glad to see that you remember it. You are a good sort. By the bye, I've got a couple degrees of Jarring for Ohio affected, on account of the electricity, and I embraced it with a joy and satisfaction quite equal to your own. Thanks," he added, "we are making a generous run; the best I've ever made, by several days out of Hawley's eyes brightened.

"I hope we can make the water will not set us back a day," he said, with a touch of anxiety.

"I'm glad of this. I'd like to beat Mr. Jarvis's best voyage.

"I share that desire, for several reasons. We are loaded to the hatchways with a valuable cargo, and the sooner we arrive the greater will be the profits of the voyage for us. The majority of our passengers are bound for the gold regions, and the sooner they get there the more anxious they will be to get back again. But there is still a better reason why I want to beat Jarvis's best voyage. I've got a little wrangling to put under ship into the trade, and I'm anxious to get home to do it. I've no doubt I can make a good thing out of it, accordingly you are strongly to my interest that they will put you in command of their new ship."

How kind and hearty the words seemed! A sent gladness lit Hawley's eyes. He grasped the hand of his supposed friend with the fervor of a deep gratitude.

Too overwhelm me, my dear Captain," he said, with a voice so unsteady that I shall never cease to be grateful for this."

At this moment Hawley's quick eye caught sight of something distant, and he started forward, and he walked away in that direction.

"Be fool," said Fodder to himself, as he sent a glance of curious inquiry after him. "Nothing can be taken in sample of water. Let the fool go and get his sample bottled. Life to dote to spend the last pint of which he is to be robbed."

It is astonishing how, after a long voyage, the sight of land loosens the human tongue. The same spirit that made Peter Fodder and had become by his alone a miniature Babel, very voice was making, for the time being, ringing musical, stirring about, and sometimes quite noisy.

"Be cool, my dear please, Captain Fodder," said a sonorous voice near the companion.

"Two, if you like, Mr. Moody," answered Fodder, as he turned the order upon him.

Mr. Moody was a middle-aged Presbyterian minister, who had been sent out by the owners of the vessel to take charge of a few colonial branches to which he had been long and graciously afflicted. He had embarked out of sheer desperation for a round voyage to Australia, and was already receiving such benefits from his ten weeks at sea, that he looked fit to enter at once upon the toilsome labors of Heroism, in case of its becoming necessary to do the labors of the Lord.

"All we are here for is water, I suppose I" inquired the reverend gentleman.

"That's all, sir."

"Are there any cannibals on this island?"

"No, sir—not one."

"No savages—no heathen—of any kind?"

"Not the least specimen."

"Then it is indeed perfectly uninhabited?"

"Perfectly—by everything human."

"And has it never been occupied?"

"No, sir—never."

"Then how curious!" cried the reverend gentleman excitedly. "I must certainly see it."

"And I," exclaimed several voices in chorus, including those of Mustard and Jarvis. "Before the water commences coming aboard I'll have a boat ashore for an hour or two, while no one can get into or out aboard the vessel."

A burst of joyous anticipations followed.

"You seem pleased, Captain?" whispered a voice at the companion door.

Fodder turned smilingly toward the speaker.

"Yes, Mr. Mustard," he answered. "I am pleased, and pleased," and he indicated Mr. Hawley with a nod of his head, "that we are waste to go ashore and I need to make him a witness of the tragic event about to occur on this island."

"You'll certainly do it," Everything seems to favor you, sir, and I can suspect that I started those water casks in obedience to your commands. I'll see to it that you have an hour to yourself."

"No, not a soul."

"Even Mr. Hawley, as clever as he thinks himself, is mightily in the dark. And why shouldn't he be, after all? I'm sure I don't know of one in that I am, Mr. Brailing, a passenger for fellowship sake, but don't even believe that I am your confederate, your ally, your friend. Why should I be? I've got three many a debt job for you? I've been a spoon, and who is now along in the Cabin? to send you to another."

The new-comer was a coarse, stout man, about forty years of age, who had not brains enough to execute for the wickedness proposed by others without being told to plan a piece of villainy for himself. In his long life of crime he had never had a plot of his own, and as his reward, just followed, he had come out in the clipper, in the character of a passenger, to lend Fodder any assistance in the plot against Hawley that might be required.

"You are sure, Tom, you fully understand the part you are to take in this business?" asked Fodder, after a sharp glance around him.

"Perfectly sure," answered Breeling. "I shall go ashore with the boat's crew, and my disguise vet have provided—that huge beard and the other things. I shall go to Hawley's Rock, make my arrangements and place myself in readiness, and then, when you give the word, I shall be on hand to help you forward."

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"Even Mr. Hawley, as clever as he thinks himself, is mightily in the dark. And why shouldn't he be, after all? I'm sure I don't know of one in that I am, Mr. Breeling, a passenger for fellowship sake, but don't even believe that I am your confederate, your ally, your friend. Why should I be? I've got three many a debt job for you? I've been a spoon, and who is now along in the Cabin? to send you to another."

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"You are sure, Tom, yet fully understand

shouted Fodder, simulating the wildest alarm. "This way, all!"

He ran swiftly to the cliff, and Mr. Moody, Mr. Thompson and several other passengers followed him. Hawley, all except a most disgusted few have provided—that huge beard and the other things. I shall go to Hawley's Rock, make my arrangements and place myself in readiness, and then, when you give the word, I shall be on hand to help you forward."

"Of course. That's your sister's order."

"And mine," said Will. "I'll have no less, of course, in order to secure him, but that's all."

"Exactly."

"Anchor in Table Rock," said Fodder, indicating a small cliff on the eastern shore, about three-quarters of a mile from the head of the bay. "In fact a sort of outer head to Captain Cook's anchorage, and its top is half hidden by bushes."

Breeling looked curiously at the cliff in question, and then said, with a nod:

"You understand, too," continued Fodder, "that you are to remain in the boat with the crew all the while. This scene you are about to see will be thundering down into the sea, at the same time entirely, and no evil of the kind, and then you are to stop away with Hawley to a small distance, for the smoke-hills. I will so manage my share of the affair that everything will be over in a few brief, affectionate moments."

"I'll be on deck of the clipper, after all the boats had returned from the island, with all the passengers, and while the second mate—Captain Fodder's present position—was getting the ship under way, Captain Fodder was below, packing."

How horribly you looked up there!" was Fodder's remark. "You're a born villain, Breeling."

Breeling laughed softly far down in his throat.

"Handsome is as handsome does," you know, Captain Fodder," he said. Then Hawley caught a glimpse of me, to be sure, and I was carrying a broad hat, with a cotton in my hand, to give him a crack, but he hadn't the slightest suspicion. I am not known to him, and I'm not going to tell him my disguise, a point which I am sure you will agree with me in. Besides as soon as I had struck him down I should tell and started a rock over the cliff."

"Why, you're a born villain yourself!"

"No; merely stunned for family minutes. He might struggle and recover a little before I came away. I left his hands free, of course. I left his legs free, too, and I left his pockets full of rocks, and I left a book, being very careful to put his own book into his pocket, and I left a dagger in his hand, and a pistol cocked. I left him in a dangerous place, in short, I swung over the ledge, where he will not dare to call morning."

"Good!" cried the reverend Fodder, looking around upon the shadows which had set in this retired spot. "That's a very exciting tale."

"A larger one ought to be told."

"Why, there is no one on this ship gathering that would be in danger of hearing me, at this time night. And fully set in, the *Flying Children* was a New York clipper, and therefore must fall sail on her way to Australia."

"It is not of that I speak," said Fodder, in his blind frailties with a fiendish smile, "but of the sailors who are on deck. Oh, you can't tell me, Breeling, that you have not been observed in this! You must have been for anything more than a mere sailor. Why, you're a passenger, have of Hawley's death! He'll never see his name in print while alive. Oh! Oh! sure!"

NEXT.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DEN OF ROBBERS.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

A lonely farm-house among the solitudes, with a rough-cast exterior, a thatched roof, and the weird rush of forest cataracts in the distance. Such was the home of Ralph Fodder, and the world rush of forest cataracts in the distance. Such was the home of Ralph Fodder, and the world cast of the Rocky Mountains. Here he lived alone, and walls of forest closing the valley in on every side. Here, for many years, it seemed as though the "Twilight" on the walls of pitchy darkness, and the sun rose and set, but never saw one that impressed her with such a sense of loneliness as Ralph Fodder.

It was a misty day in autumn when I first set foot on the Kingston lone silver mines, and we'll go up to the farm-house on the hill and get a bite of breakfast and something to pay us for our trouble."

Hawley assented, and the party walked along the shore to the northward, conversing pleasantly went. After traversing about a mile of beach, and climbing a succession of considerable slopes, they came to a halt at the point in question, and looked about them.

"Where is the cliff?" asked Fodder, "and the place you were talking about, Mr. Hawley? I don't see it visible. The sailors down on the beach look like pigmies, and I see a little rock which Table Rock a short distance further on in the direction of the head. But I see no cliff, nor anything on the island. Suppose we take a look at your map."

Hawley again assenting, Fodder and the rest of the party sat down, but not until he had carefully examined the sides of a form of branches to which he had been long and graciously afflicted. He had embarked out of sheer desperation for a round voyage to Australia, and was already receiving such benefits from his ten weeks at sea, that he looked fit to enter at once upon the toilsome labors of Heroism, in case of its becoming necessary to do the labors of the Lord.

"All we are here for is water, I suppose I" inquired the reverend gentleman.

"That's all, sir."

"Are there any cannibals on this island?"

"No, sir—not one."

"No savages—no heathen—of any kind?"

"Not the least specimen."

"Then it is indeed perfectly uninhabited?"

"Perfectly—by everything human."

"And has it never been occupied?"

"No, sir—never."

"Then how curious!" cried the reverend gentleman excitedly. "I must certainly see it."

"And I," exclaimed several voices in chorus, including those of Mustard and Jarvis. "Before the water commences coming aboard I'll have a boat ashore for an hour or two, while no one can get into or out aboard the vessel."

A burst of joyous anticipations followed.

"You seem pleased, Captain?" whispered a voice at the companion door.

Fodder turned smilingly toward the speaker.

"Yes, Mr. Mustard," he answered. "I am pleased, and pleased," and he indicated Mr. Hawley with a nod of his head, "that we are waste to go ashore and I need to make him a witness of the tragic event about to occur on this island."

"You'll certainly do it." Everything seems to favor you, sir, and I can suspect that I started those water casks in obedience to your commands. I'll see to it that you have an hour to yourself."

"No, not a soul."

"Even Mr. Hawley, as clever as he thinks himself, is mightily in the dark. And why shouldn't he be, after all? I'm sure I don't know of one in that I am, Mr. Breeling, a passenger for fellowship sake, but don't even believe that I am your confederate, your ally, your friend. Why should I be? I've got three many a debt job for you? I've been a spoon, and who is now along in the Cabin? to send you to another."

The new-comer was a coarse, stout man, about forty years of age, who had not brains enough to execute for the wickedness proposed by others without being told to plan a piece of villainy for himself. In his long life of crime he had never had a plot of his own, and as his reward, just followed, he had come out in the clipper, in the character of a passenger, to lend Fodder any assistance in the plot against Hawley that might be required.

"You are sure, Tom, yet fully understand the part you are to take in this business?" asked Fodder, after a sharp glance around him.

"Perfectly sure," answered Breeling. "I shall go ashore with the boat's crew, and my disguise vet have provided—that huge beard and the other things. I shall go to Hawley's Rock, make my arrangements and place myself in readiness, and then, when you give the word, I shall be on hand to help you forward."

"Of course. That's your sister's order."

"And mine," said Will. "I'll have no less, of course, in order to secure him, but that's all."

"Exactly."

"Anchor in Table Rock," said Fodder, indicating a small cliff on the eastern shore, about three-quarters of a mile from the head of the bay. "In fact a sort of outer head to Captain Cook's anchorage, and its top is half hidden by bushes."

Breeling looked curiously at the cliff in question, and then said, with a nod:

"You understand, too," continued Fodder, "that you are to remain in the boat with the crew all the while. This scene you are about to see will be thundering down into the sea, at the same time entirely, and no evil of the kind, and then you are to stop away with Hawley to a small distance, for the smoke-hills. I will so manage my share of the affair that everything will be over in a few brief, affectionate moments."

"I'll be on deck of the clipper, after all the boats had returned from the island, with all the passengers, and while the second mate—Captain Fodder's present position—was getting the ship under way, Captain Fodder was below, packing."

How horribly you looked up there!" was Fodder's remark. "You're a born villain, Breeling."

Breeling laughed softly far down in his throat.

"Handsome is as handsome does," you know, Captain Fodder," he said. Then Hawley caught a glimpse of me, to be sure, and I was carrying a broad hat, with a cotton in my hand, to give him a crack, but he hadn't the slightest suspicion. I am not known to him, and I'm not going to tell him my disguise, a point which I am sure you will agree with me in. Besides as soon as I had struck him down I should tell and started a rock over the cliff."

"Why, you're a born villain yourself!"

"No; merely stunned for family minutes. He might struggle and recover a little before I came away. I left his hands free, of course. I left his legs free, too, and I left his pockets full of rocks, and I left a book, being very careful to put his own book into his pocket, and I left a dagger in his hand, and a pistol cocked. I left him in a dangerous place, in short, I swung over the ledge, where he will not dare to call morning."

"Good!" cried the reverend Fodder, looking around upon the shadows which had set in this retired spot. "That's a very exciting tale."

"A larger one ought to be told."

"Why, there is no one on this ship gathering that would be in danger of hearing me, at this time night. And fully set in, the *Flying Children* was a New York clipper, and therefore must fall sail on her way to Australia."

"It is not of that I speak," said Fodder, in his blind frailties with a fiendish smile, "but of the sailors who are on deck. Oh, you can't tell me, Breeling, that you have not been observed in this! You must have been for anything more than a mere sailor. Why, you're a passenger, have of Hawley's death! He'll never see his name in print while alive. Oh! Oh! sure!"

NEXT.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DEN OF ROBBERS.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

A lonely farm-house among the solitudes, with a rough-cast exterior, a thatched roof, and the weird rush of forest cataracts in the distance. Such was the home of Ralph Fodder, and the world cast of the Rocky Mountains. Here he lived alone, and walls of forest closing the valley in on every side. Here, for many years, it seemed as though the "Twilight" on the walls of pitchy darkness, and the sun rose and set, but never saw one that impressed her with such a sense of loneliness as Ralph Fodder.

It was a misty day in autumn when I first set foot on the Kingston lone silver mines, and we'll go up to the farm-house on the hill and get a bite of breakfast and something to pay us for our trouble."

Hawley assented, and the party walked along the shore to the northward, conversing pleasantly went. After traversing about a mile of beach, and climbing a succession of considerable slopes, they came to a halt at the point in question, and looked about them.

"Where is the cliff?" asked Fodder, "and the place you were talking about, Mr. Hawley? I don't see it visible. The sailors down on the beach look like pigmies, and I see a little rock which Table Rock a short distance further on in the direction of the head. But I see no cliff, nor anything on the island. Suppose we take a look at your map."

Hawley again assenting, Fodder and the rest of the party sat down, but not until he had carefully examined the sides of a form of branches to which he had been long and graciously afflicted. He had embarked out of sheer desperation for a round voyage to Australia, and was already receiving such benefits from his ten weeks at sea, that he looked fit to enter at once upon the toilsome labors of Heroism, in case of its becoming necessary to do the labors of the Lord.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A PRACTICAL man visited a penitentiary to see the prisoners, and said to one in a large cell, "Why, you have room enough here; you could said he to the first prisoner whom he addressed, "did whether, or without regrets or any kind, have anything to do with bringing you here?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, "I had to do with it all right enough; and few thanked me more all drunk."

"JOHN, did you go around and ask how old Mrs. Jones was when she died?" "Yes, sir." "And last night?" "Yes, sir." "Well, what's the result?" "Why, she was seventy-two last night, and she was seventy-three this morning." "Now, John, I'm positive in telling you that she was seventy-four."

AN advertisement of the brilliant conspiracy of unclaimed goods, the letter I dropped from the mail-bag, and on the other threatening appropriately reads, "People to whom these packages are addressed are requested to come forward and pay the awful charges on the same."

A UTAH settler was recently tried for scalping his wife, whom the Judge remarked that, "in the East, where he came from, instead of scalping their wives, men are tied down with fine leather and kill them with kindness," wherever the Professor—I stand away, sister.

A GENTLEMAN was fretting about the loss of his watch, when a friend asked him if he had not been into bed, and particularly into a certain bed? In such a waste of the articles, he the thief is pretty sure to go and see the watch in the next number of the paper.

AMONG our national post-offices are the following: Bed, Tate, Wet Mustard, Sandy Mott, Big Sods, Shedding, Snowdrop, Greenville, Lemon Squash, Mount Misery, Hardscrabble, Starved Rock, Tally Ho, and Tired Creek.

A LITTLE girl, who had received from a noted-hearted man a present, said: "I pray that I may have a chance to send one, 'cause' would you steal?" Prisoner—I should say, sister.

AN author selected as the title of a new romance, "Ashes of Roses." The publishers inserted sharply at the author's red head, and muttered, "Ashes of roses, indeed!"

THE daughter of a Mississippi planter recently married a former follower of her father, stated that she had married him because he was in disfavor sweep our tortuous dance.

"I WISH," remarked Mrs. Partington, "that Mr. Cuddle would take a little more interest with other when they can get a chance and thank him for the favor."

A MAN with a well-worn manuscript undertook to read it to a friend, but the latter soon fell asleep. Awakening, he apologized for his unworthiness. "Don't worry about my going away, my darling. Absence, you know, makes the heart grow fonder." "I'm somewhat afraid it will," said the darling.

A Ohio lawyer included in his bill against a client the following item: "Thinking and thinking about your case, ten dollars."

A MAN who had been drinking became a bill and a pint one is sometimes hard to get up, and the bill is sometimes hard to get down.

WE respectfully remind the managers of the Centennial Exhibition that a good many people are interested in the success of the enterprise.

A BAKER has invented a new kind of sweet cake, which he calls "Sunday cake," because loaf weighs only twelve ounces.

IN Massachusetts the legislative committee: of the Legislature, and the Governor is Governor of the State.

IN setting up an account of a six-acred boat race, the printer made it read "six-acred boat."

WHY is the letter I in the word military like a fish? Because it is found in the middle.

ABOUT the commonest social vice, and the one which is most admired, is silence.

"EXCUSE hacks and a bad pen," is the pen we write to the editor.

CURRENT ITEMS.

THE Kansas City, Mo., *Nuts* says a monster snake, about thirty feet long and as big around as a barrel, was killed near Fort Scott, Kansas. So, on that day, and all through high up in the trees, the boys were very afraid of the approach of strangers. Many of the boys had been practicing to attack any one, although those who have seen the snake say that it is not the one that they are looking for. It has been the custom for years, or three times, but without effect so far as known, to offer a reward for the capture of the snake, and farmers in that section and they attribute their misfortunes to the work of the snake.

A CELEBRATED brigand, named Giacone, has been arrested at Naples. He was the chief of a band which, for the last two years, has committed numerous murders, and has levied large sums, which were paid out at last by a detective.

THE Rev. Dr. Bradford, of Boston, N. H., has a cat which recently had a litter of kittens. A few days ago the cat was found dead, and the kittens were missing. Search was made for them, and they were discovered in the woods, biting into or tearing the flesh from the body of a large rattlesnake, which had evidently been killed by the infuriated mother cat.

IT is said that during the month of May 1,000 acres of land will be planted in cotton, and filled on the Western plains, south of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, by the Texas Land and Cattle Company, which has recently been organized.

A BIG RAFT.—The largest raft that ever floated on the Mississippi River, or any other river, was floated at Rock Island the other day. It consisted of 1,000 saw-logs, and contained 1,000,000 feet of lumber and one million feet of locks.

THE Indians who are at work the other day in South Manchester and the belief among them that the Great Spirit has the belief among them that the Great Spirit has the belief among them that the Great Spirit has

"I HAVE DRANK MY LAST GLASS, BOY."

BY LOUISE A. UPHAM.

No comrades, I thank you, not any for me;
My last cash I've spent for the drink you see;
I will go to my home and my children dear,
With no frames of liquor their spirits to blight,
And with tears in my eyes, I will beg my poor wife
To forgive me for all.

To forgive me for all she knew made of her life?
"I have never refused you before!" Let that pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

Just look at me now, my clothes rent and disgrace,
With my bloated, haggard eyes, and my red, red face,
My hair falling out,
And my tottering step and my weak, blood shot eye,
And the scorn in my brow that is worse than Cain's brand
See my trembling hand,
Will you look at me, and my elbows and knees!
Alike warmed by the sun or chilled by the breeze;
Why, even the children will hoot as I pass—
Ah! I'll be a man of sobriety now,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at me
That a mother's soft hand was once pressed on me
When she kissed me, and blessed me, her dar-
ling boy,
Ere she left me to rest by my dead father's
side,
But with wife's last sigh on her lips, she looked up to the sky!
Bidding me meet her there, and whispered,
And I'll do it, God helping! Your smile I let
pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

Ah! I reeled home last night—it was not very late—
For I'd spent my last sixpence, and landlords
can wait,
On a palace where he's served rent in their till,
And his pawned its last bed, their coffers to fill.
But I'm sober this time, and my pockets are empty,
And I begged for one glass—God rot would have
pity!
But they bricked me out, and I heard the last
jeer,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

At home, my pet dears, they left her soft golden
head
I saw, through the window, last kneeling in
prayer
From her pale, bony hands, her torn sleeves
were rent,
White her feet, cold and bare, shrank beneath
the chill sleet,
And the prayer—prayed for me! Lord, pass a poor
cynic of bread,
For one crust—only one, misery, my pet darling
and I
Are starving with no penny to buy one, alas!
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

For home, my darlings, my wife and little one—old,
Though fainting with hunger and shivering with
cold,
There, on the bare floor, asked God to bless me!
And she kissed me, and said, "Dear papa! He will
be home!"
I believe what I ask for!" Then, sobered, I crept
Away from the home I've disgraced, what I
might,
Next night, to meet by the PLEDGE—You smile!
Let it pass,
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

My darling child saved me! Her faith and her
love
Are akin to my dear sainted mother's above!
Not a penny to buy one, alas! God help me, I
Had nothing to pay for pollen, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

No drunkard lies under that clear-strewn sod!
Not even the suicide's grave is for me!
Not even a drunkard's for pollen, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

A BONE of CONTENTION;

—OR—

The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HAMPTON MYSTERY," "THE DAISY CHAIN," "THE MAGIC CROSS," "THE DARK SECRET," "THE GIRL'S DELIVERANCE," A DARING GAME," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

HONOR'S DECISION.

On entering the Red House, Honor Glint was not suffered to proceed further than to her own room. The door of the drawing-room was ajar, and as she passed in the hall, she espied her hat and jacket, Mrs. Glint's voice, sharp and disagreeable, called out to her. Honor obeyed the summons, and went into the drawing-room.

The lamps were lighted; the fire was burning brightly, and Mrs. Glint, Miss Glint, and Mr. Hardwicke Hall, the young lawyer, were there. She was no longer alone, her daughter Miss Glint having joined her. Miss Glint was in the act of drawing the red silk curtains at the moment of Honor's entrance.

Miss Milner was a commonplace young woman, with a very ordinary face and figure, and a sleek of light curls which fell to her waist. She had, with much assistance, and extraordinary amount of vanity, and was endowed with a peevish and overbearing temper indulgence of which gave a peevish and disagreeable expression to her countenance. Honora's beauty was as great as her cousin's brilliant wit and glowing fancies contrasting sharply with her slaggish intellect, inspired her with a hatred of Capt. Glint's adopted daughter. And added to the fact that Capt. Glint nearly idolized Honor, and looked upon her as his heiress. This which Miss Glint had hastened to unfold to her daughter—filled her mind with bitterness. Her envy and hatred of Honor, added to Mrs. Glint's selfishness and avarice, left no doubt about the state of affairs which had culminated in Honor's unmerited banishment from the home.

Mrs. Glint looked sharply at the young girl as she came into the room, and spoke sternly to her.

"You are out late, Honor. My daughter does not indulge in frapps about the country at so late an hour. It is not at all the hour I would Captain Glint say? What will the neighbors say to it?"

Honor sat down wearily, and answered quietly.

"I have been across the bay, Madam. Mr. Moor came back with me as far as the pasture."

Mrs. Glint uplifted her hands in apparent horror.

"So you went out to meet him!" she ejaculated. "I must say, my dear, Honor, I can scarcely believe the evidence of my ears."

"I did not go out to meet Mr. Moor," said Honor, with a flush on her face. "I could make no excuse, and the sooner you realize the fact the better. It is my fixed belief that you are the child of that Margaret Cropsey who pretended to be simply your nurse. You have been educated beyond your sphere as a lady, and now, if you have any sense of gratitude or decency you will support yourself yourself."

The pale young face of Honor Glint retained its calm prescience; only the sadness in her eyes deepened.

"Is this all you have to say to me, madam?" the girl asked half haughtily.

"It is not. Miss. I called you in to hear an extract from a letter which Clarette received to-day from an old schoolfriend of hers who is now visiting down in Cornwall. Clarette has been so much interested in what I mentioned to her, that I have written down one or two age concerning your matrimonial intentions. I asked you if you happened to marry Sir Hugh Tregaron, the rich Cornish baronet. Your manner was such that I might almost have been led to believe that you did indulge in some such dream. Clarette's friend wrote to her that Sir Hugh Tregaron is engaged to be married to a very beautiful lady of rank, and that preparations are making for the magnificent wedding, a scale of almost regal splendor. Honor did not speak, and her face was averted. It seemed as if she had no personal interest in the communication.

"Oh, madam!" murmured Miss Milner, in an undertone. "You always exaggerate so. Clarette says that Sir Hugh Tregaron is making extensive improvements in his house and about his estate, and that people think he must be going to be married, but she does not say that he is engaged."

Mrs. Glint commanded her daughter to be silent by an imperious wave of her hand.

Honor had been seated at Mrs. Glint's communication, Honor had been for a brief period actually stunned by the first momentary blinding of her senses, when her eyes seemed suddenly filled with a confused ringing obscured her hearing. Miss Milner's correction of Mrs. Glint's statement escaped her notice. But before Mrs. Glint could speak to her daughter, Honor had recovered herself sufficiently to arise from her chair, and to say with quaint, girlish dignity:

"I am glad to hear of anything that is likely to add to the happiness of Sir Hugh Tregaron. He came home from Cornwall shortly after Parliament when I was upon my trip with papa, and we saw four months ago. I do not know him long, but he was very kind to me, and he is especially papa's friend. He has been here several times to see papa since he returned from abroad, and papa is very fond of him."

"And perhaps papa's pauper charge is also," sneered Mrs. Glint. "Sir Hugh has not been told your history. I am morally sure. He is too much for Captain Glint's friend to let be a former wife, and the Captain would not allow me to tell him the truth. I fancy Captain Glint is trying to find you upon society and in your proper sphere, that he may marry you himself. Sir Hugh was only a friend to you. If Sir Hugh wanted to marry you, the Captain would not have objected to your accepting him. So there was nothing, you see, to prevent his offering you his hand if he had liked you, unless his pride in his position, and his engagement you as Captain Glint's own daughter. Sir Hugh Tregaron's standing would not have been a wretched misalliance. But if he thought you had better let Sir Hugh find accidentally discovered your true history, he would not offer you his hand.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1872.

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ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
Corner of Williams and Spruce Streets, New York.

Christianity and Trade—What is Duty in Business?

Were the principles and precepts of Christianity intended, and are they calculated for practical, every-day use, or are they only to be admired in theory?

And again, what are Christian principles? What is the true meaning of the oft and fondly-quoted doctrine of Christianity, "*All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.*"

Those questions, which often occur to us, have been most practically suggested by an event which recently happened in this city.

Some parties were arrested and committed, or held to bail criminally, accused of participating the business correspondence of the firms of PHELPS, DODGE & CO., dealers in metals.

This was all very well. The guilty meeting scoundrels, when proved to be guilty, should be severely punished. But what we have to comment on, is the manner in which it was given of the great value and importance to the firm in question of preserving the secrets of their letters. It was alleged that if their schemes in regard to the so-called speculation would be defeated, and they would be deprived of very large profits.

Now the question is, whether it is right to conduct mercantile transactions on a basis which requires concealment, and which the highest creed of morality and the doctrines of Christianity would demand plans of business should all be such as may safely be kept open to day?

We do not imply, by any means, that a man should bhisom to the world all his personal affairs; but has he a right to do anything for the sake of advantage over his customers?

The firm that we refer to occupy, in some respects, rather an exceptional position. They are almost as prominent in their particular line in trade. It is sometimes vulgarly said of a fighting man that he "travels on his muscle." We would not say of Mr. DODGE that he travelled on his religion; yet, while carrying on his business in such a manner which it now appears requires so much secrecy, he traverses the globe and addresses the assemblies of the denominations on religion and temperance.

There are many phases of *regular* interest than the one which we have raised here. There is a doctrine of law, held to a certain limited extent still by courts of law more than by courts of equity, that the buyer must look out for himself. But certainly no man can *trie to do as you would be done by*, the conclusion must force the other party to feel imperfect fair for him to know, is not prohibited, is a very grave inquiry.

Even in the Old Testament there seems to be an implied censure of what is considered "smartness" in dealing, in the following passage from Proverbs: "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth." And many practice writers have held (certainly not without a motive that all concealment in trade is at variance with a subscribe to the Golden Rule. We question this. What is Duty in Business, in such cases? We do not assume to dictate; we only say that is a question of momentous importance.

Mutual Accommodation.

Can any mortal tell us the reason why we should not agree on some plan in New York by which the men, good citizens, honest, sober and four-horse equipages of our carrying companies should have the right of access and secret running parallel with Broadway and Fifth Avenue, and so give a chance to the more frail and economical citizens to share thoroughfares?

It makes no one more amiable or happy to have a huge man-of-war bear down with crushing effect on the puny craft that may navigate—when they dare—those crowded waters, indian-darting and scattering in all directions at every offense, so that posterity will not be entitled to a copy free. Postmasters and others who get up clubs, in their leisure, in a town, or on a railroad, will be liberally rewarded. No subscriptions taken for a less period than three months. Subscribers can commence with any number. Specimen numbers sent to subscribers, to pay the American postage. When a draft or money order can conveniently be procured it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money. Address all letters, and make all drafts to all parts of the country in sight except to Canada, New, or the owner, a quarter, payable at the office where the paper is received.

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The firm that we refer to occupy, in some respects, rather an exceptional position. They are almost as prominent in their particular line in trade. It is sometimes vulgarly said of a fighting man that he "travels on his muscle." We would not say of Mr. DODGE that he travels on his religion; yet, while carrying on his business in such a manner which it now appears requires so much secrecy, he traverses the globe and addresses the assemblies of the denominations on religion and temperance.

There are many phases of *regular* interest than the one which we have raised here. There is a doctrine of law, held to a certain limited extent still by courts of law more than by courts of equity, that the buyer must look out for himself. But certainly no man can *trie to do as you would be done by*, the conclusion must force the other party to feel imperfect fair for him to know, is not prohibited, is a very grave inquiry.

Even in the Old Testament there seems to be an implied censure of what is considered "smartness" in dealing, in the following passage from Proverbs: "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth." And many practice writers have held (certainly without a motive that all concealment in trade is at variance with a subscribe to the Golden Rule. We question this. What is Duty in Business, in such cases? We do not assume to dictate; we only say that is a question of momentous importance.

Mutual Accommodation.

Can any mortal tell us the reason why we should not agree on some plan in New York by which the men, good citizens, honest, sober and four-horse equipages of our carrying companies should have the right of access and secret running parallel with Broadway and Fifth Avenue, and so give a chance to the more frail and economical citizens to share thoroughfares?

It makes no one more amiable or happy to have a huge man-of-war bear down with crushing effect on the puny craft that may navigate—when they dare—those crowded waters, indian-darting and scattering in all directions at every offense, so that posterity will not be entitled to a copy free. Postmasters and others who get up clubs, in their leisure, in a town, or on a railroad, will be liberally rewarded. No subscriptions taken for a less period than three months. Subscribers can commence with any number. Specimen numbers sent to subscribers, to pay the American postage. When a draft or money order can conveniently be procured it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money. Address all letters, and make all drafts to all parts of the country in sight except to Canada, New, or the owner, a quarter, payable at the office where the paper is received.

If we employ no travelling agents. Address all communications to

ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
Corner of Williams and Spruce Streets, New York.

Christianity and Trade—What is Duty in Business?

Were the principles and precepts of Christianity intended, and are they calculated for practical, every-day use, or are they only to be admired in theory?

And again, what are Christian principles? What is the true meaning of the oft and fondly-quoted doctrine of Christianity, "*All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.*"

Those questions, which often occur to us, have been most practically suggested by an event which recently happened in this city.

Some parties were arrested and committed, or held to bail criminally, accused of participating the business correspondence of the firms of PHELPS, DODGE & CO., dealers in metals.

This was all very well. The guilty meeting scoundrels, when proved to be guilty, should be severely punished. But what we have to comment on, is the manner in which it was given of the great value and importance to the firm in question of preserving the secrets of their letters. It was alleged that if their schemes in regard to the so-called speculation would be defeated, and they would be deprived of very large profits.

Now the question is, whether it is right to conduct mercantile transactions on a basis which requires concealment, and which the highest creed of morality and the doctrines of Christianity would demand plans of business should all be such as may safely be kept open to day?

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A Great Preacher.

The late Dr. NORMAN MCLEOD, whose death at the age of sixty has attracted general notice, was a popular Scottish clergyman, that Scotland has always had many such. He was a Chaplain to the Queen. But so have many men of whom posterity will not take much note. He was a popular author, and had popular authorship many men and women attain.

Our regards to the memory of Dr. MCLEOD found themselves on what he was as a teacher of the masses. He had a large congregation to which he taught the theology of which Scotland makes so much, and of some other than a theologian. He was a large-brained, large-hearted man, in sympathy with human understanding men, and capable of speaking directly to the hopes and fears of men of all classes—the lordly and the lowly.

He saw the value of teaching men in all true ways, and as they are able to bear it. Imagination he appreciated as a power, and fiction as a means of teaching; and who that has read "Wee Davie," and other tales of his, fails to see the use he made of those two agencies?

He understood the power of the press, and for many years of a most laborious life, he was editor first of a most genial and entertaining religious magazine, and then of "Good Words," his aim in both being to inform men, in such tone and style as an intelligent Christian gentleman might employ in his intercourse with intelligent and honorable men, where his religion would not be given as a "lump of sugar," but like the sugar in the tea, would sweeten the whole. He was a most eminently genial, human, and sympathetic, he produced by his own pen, and those he recollected, an immense amount of pure, varied, and high-toned literary productions. A great Scotch had used; and all this while he was assiduous and effective as a parish and fashionable doctrine of Christianity, "*All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.*"

He preached to his people in the Barony parish with acceptance and usefulness, but he preached well also, and with higher popularity, to hundreds of thousands outside. We call him a great preacher, and we mourn his loss.

Why Let Such Men Loose?

The following is from a paragraph in the daily papers:

"PHILADELPHIA, June 28.—Walter Williams, alias William Mitchell, who was convicted in Pinghamton in October, 1869, and who was under a sentence of seven years' imprisonment, but was pardoned by Governor Hoffman, was arrested to-day charged with forgery in the sum of $5,000. He had also escaped from State Prison after having been sentenced and had bonds, stolen from the Long Island and Hempstead Banking Company at one time in his possession."

What is the use of letting such a man loose, after his escapades, to commit other crimes until he shall ultimately be convicted and imprisoned once more?

We would have prisons provided with plenty of room, and made comfortable in every way; and when men are convicted of the duties of criminals—when they have repented of their offenses, and been re-converted and sentenced—we do not see any good reason why they should be liberated again.

Why should not the law require that confirmed criminals should be imprisoned for life?

Do not torture them, as they are tortured now. Do not accustom them to ask for their work industriously and profitably.

Give them books and papers to read, and provide for them other means of improvement. But it seems to us ridiculous that we let them loose on the community every few months, or every few years. Why should it be done?

It is not pleasant to any person to have his property stolen. But how much more to be given it away.

Yet confirmed burglars and thieves are morally—or immorally, perhaps we should say—to stick to their occupation, because the law should not afford them the opportunity. Come shut up, let them be kept shut up—and fed, comfortably clothed, and supplied with abundant facilities for improvement.

We do not see why honest labor should be subjected to the act of convicting them over and over, and over again.

Be Moderate, Gentlemen.

Not having any presidential aims for ourselves, and not being a party man, we are fortune to submit to the candid consideration of our political friends of all the great parties, if they do not sometimes forget what is due to the nation in the vehemence of their party discussions. If gentlemen—gentlemen, mind you, who love and toil truth—on either side, are to be believed, there is neither truth nor honesty none nor decency on the other. But do we believe that? Do we want the men of a civilized world to believe that No? Then let us not concur in it. When is the time to cease saying, "Our opponents, gentlemen, are extinct men, are good citizens, whose party policy is low wiss than ours, as we shall now proceed to show?" We suggest this new and improved mode; we do not know whether to cut it, and shall not even expect the thanks of Congress for our munificence, but it is there thoroughfares?

Parties especially when distinguished persons are canvassed, whose reputation is national property, we counsel moderation. In commenting all discussion, we propose that our orators prefix a little catalogue of admirable virtues, so that posterity will know that of course posterity will sedulously study, *The Rail Road Tax Democratic Plan*, and *The Second Republican Trumpet*, may not take all the Americans of this generation for fools or knaves.

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Reverend LAMB, late Secretary island near the middle of the ATLANTIC OCEAN described in the opening chapters of Miss FLOY AGNES HAWLEY, or MR. LOUIS LEWIS, in this number of the *Ledger*, and the scene of some of the most exciting incidents of the story, has invented and constructed much attention from scientific men. It is announced that the British government acted on the recommendation of the ASTRONOMER ROYAL, had selected it as a station for one of the astronomical expeditions which are to be sent out from England to observe the TRANSIT OF VENUS, in December of the early's day, in the year 1874. A knowledge of this fact will add to the interest felt by our readers in MR. LEWIS' powerful tale.

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"Wo unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation."

SUNSETS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

One of the miseries of living in the city is the want of a horizon, and of a heaven above you. You do not see the earth line, or the ocean, of the heavens. The eye rises upon masses of roofs and chimneys; it goes down behind red bricks. A child brought up in a popular authorship many men and women attain.

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MABEL'S MISSION.

BY ESSEL LYNN.

Far down in the shady old garden,
Where shadows are scattered to day,
On the portico, down-trodden, sat Mabel,
With face lifted up to the sky.

Her golden hair fell in disorder,
Tangled down on the little maid,
And listened in dreamy silence
While her heavenly time Mabel prayed:

"More work for those two little fingers,
More work for this body and brain,
More task for the tired-out eyes that
Are weary with watching and pain;

For out in the wide barren desert,
Away over mountain and sea;
Oh, more and more, Lord, I implore you,
Some path that will lead me to Thee.

"Thy voice heard the prayer, and answered;
He knew of the sorrows and cares
That hovered in darkness around under,
Unheeded and stifling despair.

No shine on the commonplace duty,
To toil in sweet hope up above;
No sign of a sunlight in waiting
For Christians and kindred to love.

Two mother hands nerveless and weary,
Two feet that were tender and sore,
As they wrestled and trouble and sorrow
Beneath the high pressure of care.

While Pestilence walked in darkness,
Breathes gently a fainful moan,
Two hands that were willing and ready
Were there, in his suffering alone.

And grandfather's queer childish fancies,
Unwilling to be fretful and cross;
Grandmother finds real discomfort,
In caring for nurse herself and son.

Poor Jack, fighting terrible fractions,
The school-boy, and sister Ruth,
Calls lonely for Mabel at bedtime,
And Mabel is always below.

Oh, weary and tired feet, little Mabel,
Can't said winding up to you clear!
Oh, well is the burden of sorrow
For God-given duties no more.

In the quiet heart-hidden chamber
You found with the sound of a hymn;
Your mission is here, Mabel darling,
And duties begun at its dim.

THE BEST BOOK TO READ FIRST.

"The best book to read first?" said Judge T., repeating the question I put on entering his office, "is a law of course."

"That's the best book to read first—and last, too, I suppose," said I, with a smile, as I stumbled "King James' Bible," on which lies my hand, and which I have often seen on the table, and have often seen on the same volume on a "professor's" parlor table.

"I couldn't come here to learn to preach," I answered, a little pertly.

"Yes, you could," replied the Judge. "And the better you preach every time you get before a jury, the better you'll succeed."

"I'll prove it," said he quickly, noting my error. "Come with me."

And whistling round his chair, bringing his legs to a cross, and using his ear for a pen rest, he proceeded:

"The first year after my admission,' I was the happy possessor of a case—though I was one of petit-larceny. Bill Dawkes, one of my boyhood friends, had—well, he had—called because good for nothing—had been found in the unlawful possession of a carcass of mutton, which the owner had left hanging out over night to cool. Bill said he found it—he called because good for nothing—had been found in the unlawful possession of a carcass of mutton, which the owner had left hanging out over night to cool. Bill said he found it—he called it 'picked up'—but the owner, who lived in the next, 'turned up missing,' in the morning.

"I studied the information with great care, charging, with painful particularity, that one William Dawkes, late of the county of the first, etc., but moved and seduced by a certain temptation whose name I have now forgotten, did include in every indictment as an 'accessory before the fact,' and that the said William Dawkes, late of the county of the first, etc., with force and malice aforethought, did steal, take and carry away, contrary to the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the people of the State of New York.

"What's the matter?' I asked sharply, when my friend Bob C. burst out laughing on reading the indictment. 'Isn't it correct?'

"'Is the best piece of the season!' said Bob, with tears rolling down.

"'What is?'

"'Why, that pun—calling a sheep 'chief' pea-man.'

"My office was a scene of confusion at the end of five minutes. Bob's head had gone through the window, and the fragments of my three chairs lay with broken legs; and my table had lost a pair of black eyes between its. It was more than a month before either Bob or I visited the window.

"'In due time the prisoner was brought up for trial. Bill Dawkes appeared for the defense.

"'Well P., was a character. The only law book he had ever read was 'Swan's Treatise on Powers of the Peace' but in that and the Scriptures, he was powerful. He had a way of quoting passages from the latter, and, for a religious community, made it difficult to oppose him. He was a 'local preacher' among the Methodists, and, by the way, a very good one, the jury, whom he generally succeeded in convincing, that he was a better man than they and his adversary on the other. His style of address was original.

"'I trust, my heart on winning that case. If I could get the jury to look at the case in the same light that I did, I knew that my client's fate was sealed.

"'I began by writing on the court my opening' and when I read it over to Nellie Wynn, to whom I was then engaged, she said it was the most beautiful piece of composition she had ever heard. Here it is:

"'On the case came on, I 'spoke my piece' without reading it. Bill Dawkes was called upon to prove that he in whose possession stolen property was found, was not the thief. This he did, promised to be the thief. I was prepared for this, and had my witnesses ready. The question had disappeared at the good hour of 9 A. M., and had been found at 10 A. M. by Bob, and that honest gentleman, Bill Dawkes.

"'I just read over my opening, and proved the ownership, value and identity of the property, in mysterious phraseology, and the subsequent reappearance in the constructive possession of the prisoner, and left it.

"'Old Pollfax sat in solemn silence, his eyes closed, and his head resting upon his hand. He asked no questions, and called no witnesses. It was disappointed to see the fellow's giving in so easily. It would take the 'last glory of my' success.

"'But I was reckoning without my host.

"'Bill Dawkes, who had been sad and grieved and sore amazed to hear such brazen-faced perjury from his own court-house as he was just born a listenin' to. What was the use of a-swearin' to the truth, when, as Bill says, 'At the mouth of our witness lay every thing else, and was swallowed up.' Bill, after establishing, let me ask, what no witnesses—what one of the jury—what the court—what I, P., answers, 'Nary one!' My defendant young man

DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

There's many a trouble would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it, and tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent home in the heart.

There's many a sorrow would vanish to-morrow,
Were we not unwilling to furnish the wings;
So, daily intruding and quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

There's many a pleasure might prove a sweet treasure,
Did we in our hearts let it bourgeon and bloom;
But joys that invite us will flourish to spite us,
And laugh at our foolish surrender to gloom.

There's many a trifle whose growth we might stifle
With laugh, or with joke, or more delicate art;
But careful to nourish, 'twill rapidly flourish,
And seem like a mountain of fire on the heart.

Give wings then to sorrow, and draw from to-morrow
The sunshine to scatter the grief that annoys;
This world would be brighter, our hearts would be lighter,
Thought we less of our sorrows and more of our joys.

THE BLACK DOCTOR;

OR, THE

Prophecy of the Voodoo King.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SPANISH RULE IN LOUISIANA.

By WILLIAM HENRY PECK,
Professor of History in the University of the State of Louisiana.

[This story was commenced in the *Ledger* two weeks ago, and in order that *new* readers may understand it just as though they had read it all, we will give a synopsis of the chapters already published. Madame Varlville, a rich widow of New Orleans, was poisoned by a subtle drug, and her life was saved by Adraste Scipian, a Voodoo doctor, after other physicians had given her up for dead. Her attendant was a mulattress, of middle age, named Mercita, who seemed to be far above her station, as she was highly educated, and spoke and wrote several languages. She had been sold to Madame Varlville several years before, by a Cuban slave-trader named Sancho Perez, who had brought her from Havana to New Orleans by the written command of a mysterious woman named Isadora Raymundo, whom he dared not disobey, as she showed him that she knew of his having murdered his former mate, Angelos Rio. On returning to Cuba, Perez secretly landed at Cardenas, instead of Havana, so as to escape from Isadora Raymundo; but he had hardly got ashore, when he was arrested for the murder, by an order signed by the Captain-General. It turned out, however, that the order was a forgery. When Perez learned this, he was in great spirits; but when the turnkey, who gave him the information, told him that the forger was Isadora Raymundo, he became suddenly silent. *Why* he was thus affected, will appear in the following chapter.]

CHAPTER V.

MORE ABOUT SANCHO PEREZ.

A new train of thought had suddenly struck the mind of the slave trader, and so forcibly that laughter at the jest of the turnkey was at the moment impossible. He had in the very beginning formed the opinion that the writer of the note which contained the note on the Bank of Spain for twelve thousand reals, was a woman; and he was one of those dogged fellows who cling tenaciously to a first opinion. The subsequent letters, signed Isadora Raymundo, had made him firm in the belief that the unknown was a woman.

On being told that the order for his arrest was a forgery, joy at his supposed escape from appearing before the Captain-General as a man accused of a deed of which he knew he was guilty, had delayed him from reflecting upon the fact that the order was a forgery. Now, hearing that his unknown Isadora Raymundo was the forger, this thought flashed into his mind:

"If Isadora Raymundo *knew* that I killed Angelos Rio and threw his body into the sea, and could prove the deed upon me, and desired my arrest, why did she forge an order for my arrest, when she could have easily obtained one from the Captain-General by a simple affidavit? I begin to see that I have been a fool. Isadora Raymundo—whoever she is—did not, and does not know that I made way with Angelos Rio; did not, and does not know that Rio was murdered by any one. She may be convinced now that he was killed, and by me, since my guilty fear made me hasty in obeying an anonymous order; but she cannot prove the charge. She wanted me to serve her. She sent the bank-note to tempt my cupidity, and the threat to scare me into haste to obey her. I might refuse to heed the threat, if I were innocent; but then I might obey to earn the money. But already the money was in my hands! Oh, she is a mystery beyond my comprehension. She must have known something about me, or she would not have guessed that I was guilty of the murder of Angelos Rio. But who is she? It is plain that she desired a certain secrecy in selling the woman Mercita. Why? That I must find out—"

"You are very silent, Captain," said the turnkey, at length, surprised by the sudden taciturnity of his prisoner.

"Oh, that is true," replied Perez briskly. "I was thinking—in fact, I was wondering how this mysterious Senora Raymundo obtained a genuine official signature of the Captain-General; and then, since you say it is known beyond a doubt that she forged the order, how it can be that nobody, not even the Captain-General, knows who Senora Raymundo is."

"I will explain that, Captain," replied the turnkey. "Some weeks ago—in fact, to be exact, on the fifteenth of April—"

"The fifteenth?"

"The fifteenth, Captain."

"That was the day after I arrived with *The Doubloon* from San Domingo. Go on."

"On the fifteenth a lady obtained an interview with the Captain-General—a private interview. No one saw her face except the Captain-General himself, as she entered the palace deeply vailed. She told him her name was Isadora Raymundo; that she wished to apply for the situation of English governess in some noble family—she did not name any particular family—and that she had called to ask him to sign a paper which certified simply that she, Isadora Raymundo, was perfectly acquainted with the English language. That was all she asked of the Viceroy—only his official signature to the paper she placed before him. The Viceroy prides himself upon his knowledge of English. He saw immediately that the lady was indeed perfect in that language. He is gallant to all ladies, too, and benevolent, as all know. He yielded to her request, or rather her petition, and placed his official signature to the paper, which certified only that Senora Isadora Raymundo was well able to teach the English language."

"But why his official signature?" asked Perez.

"Because the lady said it would greatly aid her in obtaining the situation she desired, Captain."

"Ah!" said Perez, biting his nails. "Of course—the cockatrice!"

"All of the official signatures of the Captain-General are recorded," continued the turnkey. "So it has been very easy for him to find how, when and where he gave any. An examination of the spurious order for your arrest has proved that the writing which was upon the paper when the Captain-General signed it, was afterward removed by some acid, and an order for your arrest filled in."

"Oh!" exclaimed Perez, still biting his nails. "But how did it chance that the Captain of Cardenas had that spurious order ready to be served on me?"

"One of your crew gave a sealed package to Captain Santaz. In it was the spurious order, Captain."

"One of my crew!"

"Yes—a sailor of *The Doubloon*."

"Diablos!" cried Perez, greatly amazed. "One of my crew! Who?"

"Lopez Soares."

"Ha! the fellow I knocked down for prowling too near the door of my cabin, on the voyage to New Orleans," thought Perez, gnawing at his nails. "But," said he to the turnkey, "who gave the sealed package to Lopez Soares?"

"That is not known, Captain. As soon as it reached his ears that you were arrested, he disappeared. Nor has he been heard of since—But some one is calling me," said the turnkey suddenly, as he heard his name shouted in the corridor, and he instantly left the cell.

"Now what am I to think of all this?" reflected Perez, more bewildered than ever. "Lopez Soares must have been a secret agent of this infernal Senora Raymundo. Where and when did he receive that spurious order, and from whom? Here in Havana before the *Doubloon* sailed for New Orleans, or in New Orleans? From Senora Raymundo, or from an agent of hers in New Orleans?"

His meditations were speedily interrupted by the return of the turnkey, who was followed by the Governor of the prison.

The prison governor was a dark and severe man, with a cold and cruel eye, and a large, harsh mouth. He said to Perez in a stern voice:

"Who is Isadora Raymundo?"

"May I die this instant, Senor Garcia, if I know," replied Perez.

"Why did you go to New Orleans?"

"To sell and to buy, Senor," replied Perez carelessly. He had no intention to say a word of the true cause of his late voyage. To admit that he had received letters ordering him to go upon the affairs of the mysterious Senora Raymundo, would call forth questions upon the contents of those letters, and those contents being told, it would be seen that he had obeyed from guilty fear.

"You went of your own free will, Captain?"

"Certainly, Senor."

"You know no one of the name of Isadora Raymundo?"

"I do not, Senor; and is it not very plain that the name is a fictitious one?"

It was not known nor suspected by the

SCENE IN THE PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.

officials of Cuba that Perez had made that voyage to New Orleans to sell Mercita. It was not even known to them that she had sailed in the *Doubloon*. Her very existence, under the name of Mercita, was unsuspected by the Spanish officials.

"It is of course to be believed," said the prison governor, "that the name Isadora Raymundo is a spurious one; but some one, and either a woman or a very handsome and effeminate looking young man, disguised in garb and voice as a woman, obtained the official signature of the Viceroy, whereby you are now in irons."

"And from these irons, Senor Garcia, I should in justice be instantly freed. I am an innocent man."

"Could we find this Isadora Raymundo, we might prove the charge true. She or he must know something of how Angelos Rio met his death."

"As to that, Senor, we know only that Rio disappeared from *The Doubloon* on the 10th of April, on the open sea, and that he must have fallen overboard unseen," said Perez boldly. "Men often fall overboard at sea, and drown even when the most eager exertions are made to save them. Since the order for my arrest is a forgery, I demand my instant release. Some enemy of mine—and I admit I may have more enemies than I am aware—has aimed to disgrace me, and, if possible, to have me executed as an assassin. That is all." And here Perez assumed a face full of contempt, and drew his shoulders up to his ears.

"But the body of Angelos Rio has been found," said the prison governor, with his cold and penetrating eyes fixed on the face of Perez.

"What of that? Dead bodies will float," replied Perez, sustaining the gaze with admirable carelessness.

"The crew of a vessel just arrived from San Domingo," continued the governor, "report that, some weeks ago, they saw the body of a man floating on the open sea. It was examined. It appeared to have been in the water three or four days. It was declared by one of the crew to be the body of Angelos Rio. The forehead was crushed in, as from a terrible blow of some blunt weapon. It had been stabbed through the heart with a dagger. The blade of the weapon had snapped off at the hilt, and was in the wound. This is the blade, Sancho Perez."

The Governor drew from a paper in which it was wrapped the long, slender blade of a dagger, and held it toward Perez.

With superb command of nerve, the slave dealer took the blade in his hand, gazed at it as if in profound examination, and then said:

"I think I recognize this blade, Senor Garcia."

"Ah—you do?"

"That is, if you, Senor, are sure beyond all doubt that the body in which it was found was that of Angelos Rio."

"The clothes on the body in which that blade was found," replied the Governor, "were preserved, and are in Havana. It is beyond all doubt that the garments were those worn by Angelos Rio on the 10th of April."

"So!" said Perez, nodding. "So—so! I recognize the dagger blade. It belonged to Lopez Soares."

"To Lopez Soares! To the sailor who gave the spurious order to the captain of the port at Cardenas?" asked the Governor.

"To Lopez Soares," replied Perez boldly, knowing, from what the turnkey had said, that Lopez Soares had fled, and had not been found.

"How know you that it was his, Captain?"

"Lopez Soares is a great boaster. He is always telling how many men he has fought and stabbed. He showed me this dagger on the 10th of April. He pointed out these three notches on this edge, and that on this edge, and told me they were made during an affray he had had in San Domingo, with some fishermen."

The prison governor was not aware that Perez had been told of the disappearance of Lopez Soares. He turned and left the cell suddenly, to increase the vigor of the search already afoot for Soares.

"You see," said Perez, to the turnkey. "The truth will come out. Lopez Soares killed Angelos Rio—probably at the instigation of this Senora Raymundo—eh? Then the deed is to be fastened on me. But do me a favor, Riaz."

"What, Captain?"

"See two or three of my crew, and repeat all that Senor Garcia said to me."

"I can easily see every one of your crew, Captain, as every man of them is in prison, except Lopez Soares."

"Oh! Since when?"

"Since those fellows from San Domingo arrived with that dagger blade and the clothes of Angelos Rio. Before that, your crew were held only as witnesses. Now it is thought some may have had part in the murder, and all are in irons."

Perez named several of his crew, and asked the turnkey to tell them what had passed between him and the governor of the prison. To this request he added the promise of a dozen doubloons.

The turnkey, quite open to such bribery, complied with the request; and at the formal trial, three of the crew, faithful to their captain, swore that the dagger blade had belonged to the missing Lopez Soares.

The murder of Angelos Rio, therefore, was not proved upon Perez; yet so much was he in violation of the laws of Spain came out during the trial, that after the murder was charged upon the absent Lopez Soares, Perez and most of his crew were sentenced to labor for life in the silver mines of Mexico.

During all the trial it did not appear who the mysterious Isadora Raymundo was. It was believed that she was some bitter enemy of Captain Perez, or a female agent of such an enemy, who had planned and carried out a scheme of vengeance against the slave dealer, without the detection of his or her agency therein.

It did transpire that a negress or mulattress was on board the *Doubloon* when Perez made his last voyage to New Orleans, and that he had sold her in that city. But this excited neither suspicion nor comment, as Perez was a slave dealer by profession, and it was not suspected that he had received Mercita on board and sold her by command of the unknown Senora Raymundo.

Fearing that were he to reveal the truth, the unknown Isadora Raymundo would be discovered by means of Mercita, and that in that case Isadora Raymundo might be a person able to prove that he, Sancho Perez, and not Lopez Soares, had murdered Angelos Rio, the slave dealer declared throughout the trial that he had never seen or even heard of any one by the name of Isadora Raymundo before it became known that a person under that name had deceived the Captain-General.

And the fact that the forgery had been committed was almost lost sight of as charges of piracy, robbery and other misdeeds accumulated against Perez ere it was decided that Angelos Rio had been assassinated by the missing sailor Lopez Soares.

The latter was condemned to be garroted, should he ever be captured; and this fact was some consolation to Sancho Perez when he heard his own terrible sentence.

"Come," he reflected in his cell, ere he was sent to those mines in which he was condemned to labor for life, "I have seen a score of men myself, and heard of hundreds, who either escaped from the Mexican mines, or were pardoned out; but the garrote! Ho! that makes a sure end of a man. I never saw a man alive after the garrote had throttled him. That will be the fate of Lopez Soares—my curse upon him!—if ever he is caught on Spanish land or sea. Were he to come forward now, he would be garroted before he were an hour older—or shot on the spot, if no garrote were at hand. But who ever knew those accursed garrotes to be scarce in Cuba? I am for the Mexican mines, eh? And for life—eh! Bosh! The next Captain-General—and they say a new viceroy is soon to be appointed—will signalize his inauguration by pardoning several convicts of the mines; and I have arranged matters so that the name of Sancho Perez shall not be without a friend to speak for it when pardons are to be given out. I may escape on the way to the mines. Certainly I shall escape before a year has passed."

It will be seen that Sancho Perez was very confident of not being long a prisoner, for though a convict and in irons, he was rich. The government had seized much of his property, but by no means all. Some of his crew had escaped the general conviction, and had privately assured him of their secret and certain aid.

His sentence, therefore, did not greatly terrify Sancho Perez; though its consequences infuriated him more than ever against his unknown foe, Isadora Raymundo.

"Millions of maledictions on her head!—for I am sure my enemy is a woman," he muttered, in the solitude of his dark cell. "Half of my wealth is reft from me! My slave mart—a splendid mart I had made of it, too! Two hundred slaves, male and female—choice ones, every one! All seized and confiscated by the government. My three schooners—the *Doubloon* among them! My two dwelling-houses, my five stores, my horses, my everything that those rascally officials could lay their hands upon! And all because of somebody I do not know—this Isadora Raymundo. Millions of maledictions on her head! There is some profound mystery in the affair which the government does not even suspect. There must be! It is said and believed that Isadora Raymundo is some bitter enemy of mine, that has simply wreaked a terrible vengeance upon me. I do not believe that. Not I. The mystery, the plot, whatever it may be, concerns that negress Mercita whom I sold to Madame Varlville. Sancho Perez was simply to be, and he is—diablos!—the cat's-paw to take the nuts from the fire for Isadora Raymundo! It was the intent of that accursed one that Sancho Perez should be garroted, strangled, put to death—not because Sancho Perez was hated by Senora Raymundo, but that something should be forever hidden. But then this Senora Raymundo must have had the aid of the devil to have even suspected that I had stabbed Angelos Rio! In other words, the devil, whom I served in slaying Angelos Rio, must have betrayed me to Senora Raymundo. But wait until I am free again!" muttered Perez ferociously, and brandishing his fists in the air. "I know where to find Mercita! She shall squeak! She shall tell me who this Senora Raymundo is!"

He was interrupted in such meditations of future vengeance by the entrance of the turnkey Riaz.

"Ha!" exclaimed Perez, rising as Riaz came into the cell. "I suppose you come to tell me that I am to begin immediately my voyage to Mexico—to those silver mines? Well, who can resist fate? Some day, however, you shall dine with me, and I will tell you over a famous feast, how they dig silver in those mines."

"I am glad to see you so cheerful, Captain," replied the turnkey gravely.

"Oh, it is a trifle!" cried Perez, snapping his fingers. "I shall not be there long. Not even a year. I shall be pardoned, or I shall escape, my friend. I am not yet a beggar. Gold will be my rescuer."

"It is true, Captain, that the officials of the Mexican mines are easily bribed. They often permit a rich convict to escape."

"I know that. Ha! ha! Or they do even better, friend Riaz," said Perez, laughing. "They unite in a petition or a recommendation for the pardon of a rich convict, and the Governor of the mines signs it—for a consideration; and in the end, after a few days, the convict is set free—recovers nearly all his confiscated property, and gives half of what he recovers to the Captain-General of Cuba, or of Mexico. Gold is a powerful and a faithful friend—ho! ho!" And here Perez rubbed his manacled hands briskly together.

"But it is not so in Spain, Captain, where the king must sign the convict's pardon."

"No; but this is Cuba, or Mexico."

"And if the sentence had been that you should labor for life in the quicksilver mines at Almeida, in Spain, Captain?"

The slave dealer shuddered; then roared out a furious oath at Riaz for the bare mention of the quicksilver mines of Almeida.

"Diablos!" said Perez. "I think a man would be better off in being garroted—in being dead—than being a life convict in the quicksilver mines of Almeida. A man inhales poison in those mines at every breath. He breathes the fumes of mercury! Eating ulcers, that bleed and fester, fasten upon his flesh! Ugh! eruptions, malignant sores! His hair, his beard falls out; his teeth fall out of his jaws rot; his bones crumble; he bloats here and shrivels there; his skin turns green, blue, livid, black; it has every hue in horrible streaks! Ugh! Speak not to me of the quicksilver mines of Almeida!"

"But I must, Captain."

"Must?"

"Yes, since your sentence has been changed, and you are to embark within an hour for Spain, where you are to labor for life in the quicksilver mines of Almeida."

"You mock me, dog of a turnkey!" gasped the appalled slave dealer and pirate, glaring at Riaz.

"No, Captain. Here is the final sentence, written out by the Secretary of the Captain-General for your reading," replied the turnkey, giving the prisoner a paper.

Perez read, groaned in sudden despair, and fell upon the floor, where for a time he raved like a madman.

He was sent to the quicksilver mines of Almeida, and years were to pass ere he should meet Mercita again.

But it was fated that he should meet her again, somewhere in this story.

It is necessary to state here, that the same ship that carried Sancho Perez to Spain, carried also a letter to some one in Madrid, in which were these words:

"The St. Andrew's Cross is in Havana, or was recently. The bank-note for twelve thousand reals, No. 13,721, mentioned among others in your last, has been traced to Sancho Perez, a convict for life to the quicksilver mines of Almeida; and he sails to-day in irons, on the ship *De Gama*. He has been questioned, but denies that he ever had that bank-note, though the Jewish money-broker Samuels swears he saw it in the hands of Perez. Moreover, Samuels asserts that a Spanish naval officer, apparently quite a young man, though with the greater part of his face concealed, called at his counter on the 16th of April and showed to him the bank-note No. 13,721, took up a pen and drew on the upper right-hand corner of the note a St. Andrew's cross, and said to Samuels, 'Tell Sancho Perez, if he calls with this note, that I told you he would. Then he will be aware that I am in earnest.' Samuels wrote the words down, and on the same day showed them to Sancho Perez, when he came with the note to see if it was genuine. The Jew did not know at the time that a search to trace the person who got that note at the Royal Bank in Madrid, on the third of last December, was being made. Sancho Perez was about to exchange the note for its value in gold, but suddenly changed his mind and kept the note. He denies all recollection of having seen Samuels, or the note; yet we must believe he lies. The day after he saw Samuels he sailed for New Orleans. He purchased many articles of merchandise while he was there, and sold a negress to a Madame Ruth Varlville—which I mention only that you may see how minute have been our inquiries—but he did not pay away that note. And if he had, the fact would be of no use to us in the search we have in hand, as we desire to trace back and not forward. We must conclude that the unknown Spanish naval officer gave that note to Sancho Perez, though Perez swears he received no note of any kind from any Spanish or other naval officer on the 16th of April, nor at any time. As the convict is obdurate in his denial, and at present out of our power to be forced into a confession, we are using every means to find the unknown Spanish officer who held the note before Perez. We suspect that that supposed naval officer is the same person who, under the name of Senora Isadora Raymundo, obtained an official signature from the Captain-General which was afterward used against Sancho Perez—of whose arrest, trial and conviction please find inclosed full particulars. We also suspect—though this we keep strictly secret—that 'Senora Isadora Raymundo' is the very person we are so anxious to secure—that is, *the living St. Andrew's Cross*. I am very sure that *you* will come in person to Havana, very soon after your perusal of this; but I would presume to advise that an attempt be made in Spain to learn something of the person from whom he received the note No. 13,721. Meanwhile, here we will continue our efforts to find the so-called Senora Isadora Raymundo, who, if not the *living St. Andrew's Cross*, must have been an agent of the latter. We have no reason for supposing that Sancho Perez knew, or was known to 'Senora Isadora Raymundo,' except in the remarkable fact that the official signature of the Captain-General, on which Sancho Perez was arrested, was traced to that unknown person. If Sancho Perez served her, why did she plot and nearly accomplish his death? And again, if he knows who she is—whether man or woman—why does he not reveal something that may avenge him? And again, if 'Senora Isadora Raymundo' is simply a bitter enemy to Sancho Perez—as all here believe—and not a person exceedingly desirous to remain unknown, why does he or she not come forward? For the Captain-General, well pleased at the result of the arrest of Sancho Perez—which has rid Cuba of a great rascal and his villainous crew—has proclaimed a reward of 10,000 reals and full pardon to 'Senora Isadora Raymundo,' for the use that person made of the official signature. But the 'Senora' has so far continued unknown."

The perusal of the above will convince the reader that the writer was wholly unsuspicious of the fact that Sancho Perez had received Mercita on his vessel, and sold her to Madame Ruth Varlville, by command of the mysterious Senora Raymundo. In the mind of that writer, the fact that Perez had sold a negress named Mercita to some one in New Orleans amounted to nothing, as Perez was by calling a slave dealer, and the writer mentioned it incidentally, as he said.

Perez, fearing to say anything that might reveal the identity of the unknown, who he was sure was able to prove that he, and not Lopez Soares, had murdered Angelos Rio, denied everything.

No one asked him aught of Mercita in connection with the mystery, for no one suspected the truth, so far as she was concerned, and the vindictive slave dealer, hopeful again of escape at some time from his terrible sentence, held his secret in his breast.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SENOR AND THE PAWNBROKER.

"I shall live only to try to escape," resolved Perez, as the ship *De Gama* bore him over the seas, "and I shall escape only to be avenged; and I can be avenged by my own hands only through Mercita. She alone can discover this thrice accursed and infernally cunning Isadora Raymundo to me. If I reveal all I know, and as Senora Raymundo does not come forward for the reward and pardon of the Captain-General, these others who seem so eager to learn something—the devil knows what!—will go after that negress, and learn from her perhaps, that which is a mystery to me—and that is, who is Senora Raymundo? who is Mercita? why did Senora Raymundo make me sell Mercita, and to Madame Varlville if possible? And why did the Senora—a million of maledictions upon her!—suspect that I had killed Angelos Rio? and—diablos!—why did she, after paying me twelve thousand reals, and after I had obeyed her to the very letter, have me arrested? And how was it that Lopez Soares had that spurious but fatal order of arrest ready for my ruin at Cardenas? and—and—blazes devour my luck!—many other things?"

The bank-note for twelve thousand reals, No. 13,721, he had with him, cunningly concealed.

The Lord's Prayer, written in four languages by Mercita, and signed Mercita, he had lost; but he had not changed a certain suspicion which had filled his brain like an electric shock at the moment he gazed at the delicate lines immediately after finding that paper in his pocket—the suspicion that Mercita had been the amanuensis of Senora Raymundo.

Had he concealed that paper as carefully as he had the note No. 13,721, he would not have lost it. The note he had placed in a leathern belt, which he wore around his waist and next to his skin. The paper, when he sought for it to put it in the belt with the note, he could not find. It had slipped through a hole in the pocket of his vest, and worked its way into unsuspected concealment in the lining, or rather between the stuff of which the vest was made, fawn-skin, and its lining. The vest was of a material which would not wear out for years: it was fawn-skin, tanned with the hair retained, and made a very gay garment of sleek, shiny and spotted exterior.

Sancho Perez supposed he had lost the paper; yet, so long as he retained the vest, it would have been with him, and he might have found it. But he was not to retain the vest, for just before he was taken from his cell, he was stripped of all his usual attire except his shirt, and clad in a coarse dress given only to convicts doomed to hard labor for life.

His own garments were then given to the turnkey, and the turnkey sold them to a pawnbroker. The fawn-skin vest of course went to the same purchaser, as it was too large for the turnkey—who also never wore a vest.

The vest remained on the hands of the pawnbroker as a very unsalable article for many years.

But one day, and to be exact, a few months before Madame Varlville was prostrated by that sudden illness of which the first chapter of this story speaks, that is, twelve years after Sancho Perez sailed from Havana as a convict, in the *De Gama*, a man strolled into the shop of the pawnbroker, and made several purchases.

The garb of this man was mean and shabby, and altogether he seemed to be a very ordinary person. His purchases were very poor also, but sufficient to persuade the pawnbroker to attempt to sell him an article that had been an eyesore to him for years.

"Perhaps I may sell this squalid fellow the fawn-skin vest," thought the pawnbroker. "He is evidently a stranger in Havana, and seems to have a taste for what no one else is in a hurry to buy."

With this thought he took down the vest from a peg, where it had hung until nearly all the hair had fallen off, from the ravages of the moths.

"I have here a vest, my friend, which may please your fancy, and you may have it at a very low price. I will not deny that it is very old, yet it is still serviceable—"

"Here, shopkeeper, attend to me, as I am in a hurry," exclaimed a second customer, who at that moment entered the shop. "I have taken a fancy to something in your show-window."

"To what, Senor?" asked the pawnbroker, casting the old vest toward the shabby customer, and hastening to serve the second, whose garb was new, costly, and that of a person well to do.

"To that extraordinary looking cane, in the shape of a serpent, and with a human skull carved out of the wood for a head."

"Good!" thought the pawnbroker. "Here is a chance to sell another very unsalable article. Yes, Senor; a very queer cane, is it not?"

"Very. Who made it?" asked the Senor, who was a man of middle age, erect and vigorous frame, dark featured, and full bearded.

"A native African. A Voodoo doctor. He

used to belong to Sancho Perez. You may see—hoof—of some of Christopher Columbus' men—ship of Havana!"

The shabby-looking man, seated on a stool in the rear of the dingy old shop, said till this moment entirely unnoticed by the cold visé, as it lay on the counter before him, started on hearing the name of Sancho Perez, muttered "Diablos!" and by an unnoticed movement threw his battered old hat further over upon his handsome face.

"Sancho Perez!" No, I have never heard of Sancho Perez," replied the Senor. "Who was he?"

"Old friend of mine, at one time, Senor—that is, while I did not know what a grand villain he was; and a villain, another!" said the pawnbroker, whose name was Gomaza.

"Ah! he was a villain, was he?"

"Yes, Senor—and—muttered the shabby man.

"Why do they speak of Sancho Perez as one?"

"Sancho Perez once cursed the African who carried that name, Senor," continued Gomaza. "Perez was sentenced for life, years ago, to the quicksilver mines of America, Senor. The African who carried the name was sold by the government—pardoned, I believe—to Don Perez Bonilla's family. Senor, you must know Don Perez Bonilla's Voodoo doctor, that is—"

"Oh, I know very well what a Voodoo doctor is and now I remember that I have heard of Captain Bonilla's family—who escaped from the mines of America," said the Senor.

"Ah! he is a lucky fellow," exclaimed Gomaza hastily, after a pause. "Lucky fellow, Senor! Don Perez Bonilla's Voodoo doctor, Diablos!" muttered the shabby man. "Who is this stranger, who is the first to tell in Havana that Sancho Perez has escaped from the accursed mines of Almeida, the location of malefactions on his head."

The shabby man could have ground his teeth with rage but he had very few teeth left—only four: he knew and his own upper one.

Gomaza had not yet seen more than a very little of the shabby man's face, as a dingy black cravat was tied in a large bow over his cheeks, eyes and nose.

Shabby looking customers were so often his purchasers that the pawnbroker seldom bestowed more attention upon them than was necessary to make a sale, or to make a paltry penny.

The Spanish Senor was of a class that rarely honored the dingy and dirty and narrow shop of Ruy Gomaza, and the latter, eager to sell the coin, continued, with affected carelessness:

"Sancho Perez was very lucky to escape. They do not often escape from those mines, unless to the grave—and then, Senor, there is little left of them to bury—but he! only a few—just enough to count on the fingers of one hand—"

"A million malefactions on the dog that lands!" muttered the shabby man, and his right hand convulsively grasped the bit of his hidden dagger.

"But as I was saying, Senor," continued Ruy Gomaza, wholly unconscious of the rage of the shabby man, "I bought the African Voodoo doctor that Perez had once, and he was quite a collection of charms, and odds and ends of curiosities, and I sold them to a friend—never nothing!—with which he could by any means his quackery and raggery as a Voodoo doctor. I have them yet, as an old thief, for he is dead. He died about ten years ago, and that came of his up the shelf thing of his that I thought nimble."

And shabby only as a curiosity, shop-man," said the Senor, as he examined the coin.

"Or to some Voodoo doctor, Senor," replied Gomaza, with a laugh. "I admit that it is not very valuable, except as a curiosity or curiosities. This Senor," added he to himself, "is perhaps a collector of curiosities."

His shabbily exhibited the Senor, whose close scrutiny of the inscribed surface of the coin just then detected a name scrabbled upon it, in very small letters.

"Some name, Senor, that has remained a mystery for years," said Gomaza, who was quite a gossip. "The name—your hope to decipher it?"

"Yes; I think it is Isadora Raymondo," replied the Senor carelessly.

The shabby man started violently this time. But for the clatter of a passing cart of a policeman's horse's hoofs, the Senor would have plainly heard the name muttered between the words:

"A million of demons seize and rend Isadora Raymondo! Will this accursed stranger never depart, as that fellow's visitors do say something to Ruy Gomaza?"

"That is the name, Senor," continued Gomaza. "Has your lynx-lover never heard of Isadora Raymondo, Senor?" he added.

"Never, shopman. Hold out the coin. I think I may purchase the same since there is a mysterious name on it."

"Thanks, noble Senor," said Gomaza, always ready to sell a saucy, dear, coin. "You'll be seated. I say, my friend"—this to the shabby man, who had only turned the back of his battered cut toward the front of the shop. "Is my conversation with the Senor a quite a saucy, noble sir—this to the Senor, who was examining the coin with a lens—thought—you had better say that you will give me for the vest"—this to the shabby man; and then again, this to the Senor—"That very vest, sir, may be said to be connected with the story which I am about to have the honor to relate to your worship, as that bookish, or rather, book in the hat, that fawn-skin vest used to belong to Sancho Perez, Senor."

"Diablos!" muttered the shabby man, with a start on his seat as if a needle had been suddenly thrust to the pin's head in his flesh, flashing a glance at the old vest, which he had entirely noticed before. "It is a long time since you were intrigued over the breast of Sancho Perez's vest, Senor."

And then aloud, but with his back toward the Senor, he added:

"I will buy the old vest, shopman, if it is a real will pay for it."

"A real!" exclaimed the pawnbroker, in affected scorn of so low an offer, though a thousand times he had been tempted to sell the neck-cased old garment for a maravedi. "Look you, I think of it, it may be called a curiosity, and no longer so offer from the Senor, I will not sell it."

"Will I not do it?"

"Oh, it is plain," thought Gomaza, "that the Senor is in search of curiosities and curiosities. Now what shall I say in curious about the vest? I must invent a story about it. I may say that it was worn by Sancho Perez on a duel, or a fight, or something of that kind. Anything sometimes is believed when it is curious."

Musing thus as he hurried toward the shabby man, Gomaza was about to say that he would swear upon the old vest.

But the shabby man had hurried toward the door, as he had been driven from it by the pawnbroker's words, and glancing wrathfully toward the Senor.

"That man was on the alert, and meant to prowl now. That does not matter. He was simply a passenger. I would like to put that old vest on, just to see if it would fit me as it did Sancho Perez. Except as a friend, I abhor him," he only muttered. "A million malefactions on such lying!"

"I see nothing curious about this garment," said the Senor, who was now examining the vest with gloved hands. "except as a token of the power of the moths."

"But, noble Senor," the pawnbroker hastened to say, "there is a remarkable story, a very remarkable story. I may say a romance with that vest and Sancho Perez. I have heard that the fawn, from whose skin it was made, was born some place out of Christopher Columbus."

Ruy Gomaza invented this superb lie on the spur of the moment.

"Ha!" muttered the shabby man.

"Ha!" he heligtes the Senor in a purchaser of curiosities. "The skin of the pawnbroker hastily. "The boldness of the Senor startled him."

"Then you will agree to the wager, shopman!"

"Make the stake on your part, noble Senor, two thousand reals. If you win I will really give you the vest, and if I win, you will give me just two thousand."

"Two thousand reals, and I will add, that if you should discover Andrew's cross in ink, on the upper part of the inside of the vest, I will give you eight thousand more."

"Diablos!" ejaculated the shabby man, starting once to his feet.

"What did you say?" said the Senor and Gomaza, turning toward the shabby man.

"I said nothing, I coughed," he replied, and sat down again.

"You startled me," said Gomaza, who had suddenly grown very pale. "The devil take the fellow! I thought—I thought he was going to himself, and shuddering as if chilled to the marrow. "Perhaps he was a ghost—a ghost for Sancho Perez must certainly be dead, even if he escaped from the mines alive. Ha! ha! My ragged friend, suppose you go. Your visit disposed with this powerful Senor, I may serve you."

The shabby man ground to cough, but he did not take the hint to go. He sat upon the same stool again, and leaned his arms and head upon the counter, thrusting his fingers in the ragged rent in the lappel of his tattered coat that covered his heart. Gomaza had forgotten all the Senor, and listened eagerly to every word.

"Here are two notes, for a thousand reals each, shopman," said the Senor, "and here is a gold piece of twenty francs. I will receive thousand reals, of the number 13,731, from a Spanish gentleman, who has a very right-hand corner of the note, the note is torn, and there are two spots on the same corner, and three two spots also."

"Bravo," said the Senor, as he took the stool again, and leaned his arms and head upon the counter. "Bravo!" he muttered to himself, as he tattered coat that covered his heart. "A half million of malefactions on his head."

"Undoubtedly, Senor."

"What were you saying, shopman?"

"Diablos! why does he ask that?" thought the shabby man, but he answered aloud:

"I was saying, Senor, that I will bet you two thousand reals, if you will bet two thousand reals, that I have not yet sold the vest of Sancho Perez to any person."

"Bravo!" he was not forbidden the paper, which was folded very small, and was yellow and discolored with the passage of years, which had alone preserved it from insect ravages.

"Bravo," said the Senor, in a tone more haughty than he had used since he had first entered the shop, as he threw down the ragged rent in the lappel of his tattered coat that covered his heart. "Bravo!" A half million of malefactions on his head."

"Undoubtedly, Senor."

"What were you saying, shopman?"

"Diablos! why does he ask that?" thought the shabby man, but he answered aloud:

"I was saying, Senor, that I will bet you two thousand reals, if you will bet two thousand reals, that I have not yet sold the vest of Sancho Perez to any person."

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THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Blessings all the Hand of Woman!
Angels guard its strength and grace,
In the palace, cottage, hovel—
O, no matter where the place!
Whether mean as poverty or wealthy,
Mighty as the mightiest known,
Rule or empire—matters little,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain,
Power cannot be where it flows,
Woman's first the steamlet's guidance,
Then the state securely goes.
Sceptre's go and come of people,
Blood-stained sceptred or cowled heads;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Woman, shape the unborn future!
Here upon the solid soil
Of the present, mighty labor open
To the touch of your control.
All true triumphs of the ages
Are from your restless labor unrolled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Angels register the spell
All the unselfish acts it utters
Work with the worship in the sky—
Mighty acts, recorded nowhere
Save in Heaven's memory;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE CONSPIRATOR," "THE WHITE SCHOOL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX

HESTER'S DESPERATE DISCOVERY.

After Hester's remark about the death of the dying father, Gertrude's pen dropped a long chapter, and her shuddering pantomime of horror left the reader in doubt for a moment, not then sure

"Whether your thoughts to dwell upon
this, dear Lou, or turn with him at his last; you did all that was possible to soothe and console him in his dying hour, and that must be your consolation now."

"Alas! it is a consolation to be with him," she faltered. "Others ministered to his wants, but I only could have, threatened with brain-fever. The skill of the physician, the tender nursing of the sister of charity, the watchful care of the faithful servant, all have proved unavailing, and I only was left to minister to him. But of course he only thought of me as I was his child. Oh, Lou, I am glad you have come to be near me and him."

"Of course I have," wrote Gertrude; "but I am afraid you will not be pleased with the advice I intend to give you. I am afraid you will think me right in saying to refer Alan's proposal to Mr. Blake. Perhaps you may think me an old maid, and Hester has while I have been through the tragedy of death was still held over her face. . . . The meeting of Mason and Hester I shall not have prepared the way for his coming, for I am afraid his character has changed for the worse in appearance, and that Hester will be horrified at seeing him. But of course he only thought of me as his child. . . . It is strange that I should speak thus of Mason, for I have not seen him since the darling Ray, and if you saw Dr. Lorne back to him the very day you left, you would be so inspire any other feeling for him. I am afraid you will think me ungrateful to him for the kindness he has manifested me in my forlorn condition, but I have not forgotten him—never shall I forget him—never, never, never. . . . I could not advise you to speak of him to Hester, for I know that it would be to no purpose, and that it would only be to pain her. I am afraid you will think me right in saying to refer Alan's proposal to Mr. Blake, but I do not see what else you can do, for Hester is so prejudiced against him as to be incapable of judging him fairly. Perhaps you are, Marion; but you cannot help it, dear, and I disregard Hester now as Dr. Mason again, but I shall always remember her as the lovely Hester, who, in spite of her faults, was dear to me. Nothing, or scarcely anything, can change the love of childhood, and I hardly think my brain is quite settled yet. Don't think me rude, dear friend, if I ask you to leave me alone, that I may try to sleep again."

Mrs. Oliver read the letter in silence, and sang for Martha to take the tray away. When they were alone, she said, Hester's pillows, "and softly said:

"I am sorry you now, Estelle. I hoped that strong mind would have controlled your nerves. The next best remedy is silence and repose, and I will detain you no longer from your rest for the next few hours."

How considerate was Marion. Keep everybody away from me, and I shall do very well. It will be enough to look you in the parlor, and then I will try to sleep again. Good-night, dear mamma, and forgive me for my hasty words."

Mrs. Oliver left the room, as a loss to know a cat-nap could be taken in the midst of such noise. That she was not the being Dr. Lorne had certified in giving evening visits, she felt convinced. In Estelle Landry she had expected to find a congenial, affectionate companion, with her heart on her lips, and with the fascinating manners of the south. She had put in places of trust, and confided in her, she, with all her natural acuteness, could not understand.

When the sound of her visitor's footsteps died away, she sat for a few moments in deep meditation. The opportunity to examine thoroughly the nature of Estelle Landry's trunk was at last here, and she hastened to avail herself of the privilege at once.

There was a violent fit of drowsiness upon that locked out on a verdant grass-plot shaded by evergreens, and from the room that lay back of her own.

The large trunk was then thrown back, and the examination began in earnest. She found several packages of letters from different correspondents. These were many from Auntie De Lorne, and several from her own young girl friends, but the young girl she expected to claim as her daughter as a friend.

Hester's lip curled disdainfully as she glanced over them, and she threw them down scornfully.

"You will expect to rule me, I dare say, madam, as you have ruled your dominated over others; but when Raymond is once safely mine, I will put you in the place that is held by thrall by you, nor shall my husband help, if I can help it."

The other letters were of no importance—mere communications, and she was about to close the trunk, when a pocket-book was found in her dress-case vacation, and Hester scarcely breathed in her intensity of attention.

The desk was subjected to a most rigorous examination, and every drawer was detected, and as yet she had found no scrap of writing that could possibly as that of Estelle Landry.

Arrived at this she threw the desk back into the empty trunk, and was about to lift the trunk from the chair. With sudden eagerness she again ascended the locked drawer with her fingers, and then peered downward with the certainty that there was a false bottom to the trunk, beneath which was concealed something that she felt was of vital importance to herself.

In a few seconds a clay leather strap was discovered resting against the front side, and a few efforts raised the thin plank which somehow placed there, no doubt, to conceal something that Estelle did not wish to guard from the knowledge of every one.

Hester lifted it far enough to enable her to run her hand beneath, and she triumphantly brought forth a thin morocco-covered volume, with Estelle Landry's name on the back in gilt letters, and underneath them was a strip of paper on which was written:

"These are the secret thoughts of my soul: Let no profane eye glance upon them."

Let us strike through and turn the leaves.

Hester examined the writing carefully, and found that it was similar to that of Estelle. She would find little difficulty in imitating it. She then closed the book, and put it back into the cut, after ascertaining that nothing else was concealed beneath the false bottom. She locked back the window curtain, unlocked the door, and taking the diary in her hand she hastened to her own room, and once near the window to violate the sanctity of the pages which she felt sure were placed by to conceal from every eye save that of the writer.

The first page through the last year of Estelle Landry's life, and it was a record as sweet as of the grides of the attachment she had formed for Raymond De Lorme. Scraps of poetry, evidently of her own composition, were scattered through it, and Hester felt that she had discovered the key to the mystery which would prove invaluable to her.

As she read on, she began to feel almost jealous that another woman should so inspire Raymond, and express her conviction that she suffered was fully proportioned. What if, after all, he should find something wanting in the girl who had so completely won over the love him so strongly, yield to him so much? Then she would be avenged for all she had injured in her life, and well and justly to do so, but she thought, that did that separate her from the one object—her marriage with her? In his boyhood Raymond had been attracted by her beauty, and she had smashed she believed she could renew the spell, and through it secure the wealth and the elevating of woman, which to her was the only thing in life that had ever been appreciated. Then would she be happy, and often showed the virago after marriage, she would be a loving and devoted wife to him who had deceived himself when he thought his love for Estelle had quenched it forever.

She turned over the leaves rapidly, and found that Estelle Landry was sentimental, very sentimental, and that she was also marvellously sentimental; but suddenly she grew pale as she read the following, and seemed in a fiery torment to her face, as she gasped:

"And that strange man—that Dr. Lorne—is now escape I have had! If I had not found this, how grateful I should have been to Miss—I must think—must remember if anyone in the world could be grateful to Hester Mason!"

Hester Mason! Estelle Landry knew that very guarded when I spoke of Raymond."

She paused again to look over the book, and tried to recall all that had passed between herself and Estelle, and the impression that Dr. Lorne, and she breathed more freely when she remembered that she had been very careful to herself in all, and in the main, to conceal her desire to conceal the actual position Estelle Landry occupied in her household.

The paragraphs which had so much excited her were dated a few days previous to the 20th, as follows:

"I have sealed my father say it he knew what I am writing, he would say that I was a fool, and it was weak; but how could I resist the entreaties of my poor mother, and the request of Dr. Lorne, certainly that he must find me all his own when he came back? I am sure he will, and I will be so happy!"

"When I think now of that scene in which we stood hand in hand before the minister, and went through the civil ceremony which binds me to Raymond De Lorne for life, I feel as if I could almost be ashamed of myself, and that I owe no one my own daughter. Poor Nelly! her fate is sealed, and I am glad of it.

"Why so? Wasn't he kind to her? I always thought him so, and he seemed attached to her."

He uttered her; he did all that man could do to make her happy, and I am glad that I am free from the trouble which I feared."

Mrs. Spencer broke off abruptly, and after that there was silence.

"It does no good to recall all that. Tell me now what is to be done."

"It is not much. Mr. Landry had been dead only a few days, and I was engaged to Raymond, which no other one was conveyed from daughter to father, and I do not think we have the right to open them. They are a most sacred and delicate piece of family history."

"You may be right, Herbert," replied Mrs. Spencer, after some consideration. "In my opinion Estelle Landry's letters to Raymond De Lorne are his property, and that he alone has to do with them. The knowledge of her secret, which I have gained, is a sacred trust, and I will not let the truth in all its pitiful nakedness be known to the world. Raymond De Lorne is not the most fitting man to whom shall flow on Hagar Blake.

"If you have pursued a very difficult and painful task, grandma, and I advise you to burn them. I will take no responsibility or interference from you. A few thousands, more or less, are of little consequence to Estelle Landry; and if she could be reconciled to her husband, I am convinced that she would be happier than she has been blessed with this dreadful piece of family history."

"It

TRUE UNTO DEATH.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

I bent my hand to catch the sound
Of the tremulous parting breath,
The last and words from the young wife's lips
That would soon be stilled in death.
And I caught the whisper, because now,
She had ceased to pray for faith and seek his own
—"The name of the man who her crushed your heart
in twain.
I cried, as her eyes grew glad,
Then the lingering blood-streams fled her cheek,
"Tell me, tell me, before you go,
Tell me the name of the man who her wronged!"
"That I have been true to him!"

Then I thought of that wives of the present day,
And the wives of long ago,
Who have suffered and been tongue could tell
Be the cruel word and blow,
Who have mourned for their wedded troth,
Yet sad for the world to know.

Then I wondered if all these injured ones,
In their misery, or in their pride,
Could have buried such wifes and spotless souls
As the one Robert wandering eyes,
As this fair young wife, who, through grief and
pain,
To the false had been so true.

Oh, stricken wives, in your cheerless homes,
How can smile on, I pray,
For fully shall come in God's good time,
For "the truth shall make free,"
Perhaps the truth of to-day open first,
To-let in the morning sky.

Though your hearths be desolate and cold,
Let your altar fires burn bright,
For a sin to worship a idol
The wrongs never made one right?
Let your faith in God be fully tried,
By the aid of your mortal light.

BOY AND MAN.—A LIFE STORY.

BY STUYVESANT COZER, JR.

We do not relate the following for the personal individuality of becoming a moral lesson, but rather as a study of character—for do we ground it as a relic of life for the guidance of influential men—though many men might profitably take a hint therefrom. We tell it as a simple story of real life, and though it may by some be deemed an emotional case, yet all will admit that the exercise is a very pleasant one. Some we do not tell merely as a story will not be true, but they are the facts of Robert's wandering years.

In the year 1803 there was given the Poor Farm of Winford a boy named David Carlton. He was a child of misfortune, and a dark cloud had rested upon the early morning of his life. His mother had been a highly virtuous girl, betrayed and forsaken, and when she gave him to the world she died. Her child was born a pauper. She had lived to curse the day that she was born, but her child, and from that time on the child had been the charge of the Superintendent of the Farm. Whatever may have been the developed character of the father of that child, he must have possessed strong manly qualities at least, for the boy betrayed hereditary points of mental power from his birth. He was a child of more than his years in thought. Often his mother had inspected a child of the same age with him, which moral life was in the spring of youth in his boyhood.

The children from the Town Farm (or Poor Farm) attended the common school of the district within which the Farm was located, but they could not be like other children. They were looked upon as paupers, and the boys would not have them in their sleds, they could not with that their fathers were associate in their with the paupers, and because weather that the children themselves took the hint, and acted accordingly. Poverty, under the circumstances, a very natural thing—for these children did not know that virtue was much in the way of social advancement. Robert Carlton was one of the number, and David Carlton was one of the exceptions. In spite of the slights which ever yet upon him he learned rapidly, and was a good boy. It was his goodness and nobleness which helped him. He never complained, but bore his misfortune in with meekness, and he had the love and esteem of those who had him.

Carl. Tom Richards was the overseer of the Poor Farm, and he liked the boy. And Tom's wife liked him, too; and they helped him kindly and to learn.

"Poor boy!" said Mrs. Richards,—and she said it more than once—for he'll never amount much way in the world. I wish he had more than he has, and I wish he had a kind and interested mother!"

In May of 1822, David Carlton was twelve years of age. The date of his birth was set down in the record of the alms-house, and on this twelfth anniversary Samuel Cook, Esq., from his own purse, gave him a new suit of clothes; and when the lad had donned them, each the Captain's wife declared that there was not a handsomer boy in the town.

He used to run little errands for her.

Andrew Bishop was the leading merchant, and, in fact, the leading man of Winford. He was a capable business man, and he had been fortunate, and he would have his power and station. Mr. Bishop had signified his desire to take a smart, intelligent boy into his store, to bring him up to business. That Tom Richards knew, and he knew that he could get he took it with him to the village and called upon Mr. Bishop at his dwelling. The two men were in the parlor together, and when the Captain had explained his errand David was directed to retire into another room.

Now it so happened that in the partition between the two rooms was a window, and this window was open—and then the boy could hear all that was said by the two men in their consultation. He heard Capt. Cook speak in terms of praise and commendation. Then he heard Mr. Bishop, and then Mr. Richards replied:

"No, no, Captain Richards, I cannot take him. I do not blame the boy. It is not my wish to do so. But I have a son, a boy of my own age, and he is my only son, and I cannot put him in daily contact with a boy who has been reared in the poor-house. I cannot place him in a position which would involve the association with the members of my family."

But," urged Richards, "this boy is good and true."

"He may be, but he cannot shake off the dust of the house that is upon him. Sincerely do I believe that he is a good boy, and I would do much for him in the way. But then, upon a farm, Captain, Let him find a home among the lowly and the humble, and by industry and honesty he will be—"

Keep in his face!

As for would Ring it?" received the Captain, in high dudgeon.

"As I said, sir, I'm sorry.

Aye—as you ding it, even now! Or if the boy were the son of a rich man, and not of the poorer kind, he would stand equal! It is in him!

And with this the irate captain called for the boy and left the gentleman's dwelling.

"You don't ask me if Mr. Bishop will take you," said Tom, as they drove off, "but I'll put upon the road a time to answer.

"There is no need," answered David. "I heard all that he said."

"You did?"

"Yes, word. I could not help it.—But don't say any more now. Let me think."

That night David Carlton sat in his little attic chamber and thought. He sat upon his low bed by the table, and he leaned to and fro; and could Mrs. Richards have seen him now, as he sat up and down in the dim light of the closed him, she would have seen what she had never seen before in a child. The boy's countenance had given place to the deep expression of the man. The gentle character of his mother had been developed by the stern and unsympathizing possibilities of the father.

He would not see anymore of it. It was most midnight when he stood in the centre of the room, and more his hand upon his breast.

If I live," said he, "Captain Richards' prayer shall be answered! If my life is spared, I will not rest until I stand, acknowledged by the world as the equal, at least, of Andrew Bishop!"

Then he clasped his hands, and raised them toward heaven; and upon his bended knee he added:

"God help me to win the victory in honor and in truth!"

The following morning the boy called Capt. Richards apart, and asked that he might be allowed to go forth and seek his own employment.

"If I do not find a good home," said he, "where I can do as I have you would wish me to do, I will come back to you, and work for you as you shall direct."

The captain saw the new man in that boy-heart, and he replied:

"Have you any money?" he asked.

"Yes, sir—a little."

"Then go—and may the blessings of God go with you!"

David Carlton went forth, on that spring morning of 1822, with the will to be a MAN. Under all was the same gentleness and goodness which had marked his early boyhood, but the sternness of his mother was the quality of iron which had been added to the long normal. He had a single aim of right before him, and he would pursue his labor and attain, if the strength were given him. Nothing should swerve him from his purpose—no lust of gain, no craving of appetite, and no seduction of pleasure. And in exercising the moral firmness he possessed he did not considered his own interests alone, but those of his fellow men. All he asked not already within his control was life and opportunity; and for these he knew

he would go far away from his New England home, and he would go at once. He would work—work for the bread and water he begged—and the universe found him in a determined and noble soul. And he would be industry and Development. And he was strong in the hope that some where in the Poor Farm of Winford—he was stronger in the hope that some where in the world that strength could seek a youth fail, while truth and honesty were the watchwords of his heart, he must be successful.

David Carlton had no taste for mercantile pursuits, and he sought first the mechanical, and to that end he found his way into the office of a good lawyer, where he worked hard—worked so hard and so well, that he was liked by all who were about him, and he was beloved by all who were the members of the group of carbuncular animals that were the pride of the village. He was the favorite of the sergeant, the panther and the lynx. From the latter he learned to be a man of knowledge of the world, from the panther, fox, the cat, little cares. You are right in your conclusions, and you will find out in the end that your judgment, they are both safe; sensible, and discriminating.

The chief of the neighboring village was the British Museum, Mr. Nevil Story-Maskelyne, who was a man of great learning and of high position. The distinguished physician, Sir Henry Holland, was also a resident of the village, and the celebrated Sydney Smith was a frequent visitor. These eminent persons which has characterized him through life. He was a man of great learning, and was esteemed by Sir Charles Lyell, the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, and many other distinguished persons. He was also a man of great learning, and was esteemed by Sir Charles Lyell, the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, and many other distinguished persons.

Mr. Wilkinson, the English resident of Winford, was